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STRASBOURG.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY PAUL AND VICTOR MARGUERITTE.

TRANSLATED BY S. G. TALLENTYRE.

CHAPTER VII.

IN a feverish dream, André thought he was walking with Lise to Robertsau, along the banks of the Ill. They roamed through the alleys laid out by Lenôtre, past lawns and flower-beds. Their parents followed them, deep in conversation. It was hot, stormy weather; a grey haze veiled the blue of the sky and tempered the heat of the sun. Lise was light-hearted, and smiled up at André. All of a sudden they heard ominous rumblings. 'Here comes the storm!' she said. And they walked on, not at all afraid, uplifted by some strange exaltation, as the thunder pealed and jagged flashes of silver lightning shot across the sky. Then, it seemed to him, they went over the Orangery, and by the dike and canal of the Ill, to the little custom-house hut on the Rhine, from whose rustic benches the lovely countryside could be seen, and the green river, and, on the horizon, the Black Forest.

'What a bad storm!' said Lise, smiling.

And André answered, 'A grand one!'

Then he woke.

His dream was true in so far that the thunder had represented the bombardment, which had now gone on for six days without intermission; and there, near the mattress where he lay—seated on a chair and watching him with anxious tenderness—was Lise herself!

He could not believe it. Where could he be? Why was he in this room with bare walls? He recognised it by its faint smell

of leather—it was the harness-room, or had been, before the two horses had been commandeered. Why was it so dark, despite the ray of sunshine which shone through the little trefoil window and ended in a long stream of dancing atoms? What was Lise doing there at such a time? Was she an apparition, and would she disappear if he touched her? No! A hot little hand seized his, and her beautiful eyes, with black lines under them, lit up; and her gentle voice—the voice he had heard in his dream—said:

‘Please don’t move; stay quite quiet.’

Then he felt the heaviness of his wounded head and the pressure of the bandages, and his heart failed him. He recalled that horrible night of the fire, and the rescue of Lise, and it seemed quite natural she should be beside him, and yet at the same time he could not understand how she could be. There was a link missing somewhere.

Lise saw the distress in his eyes and answered it.

‘Are you in much pain? No? What a blessing! Dr. Weiss has just left; you will soon be well again.’ And tears shone in her eyes, and she held his hand tightly.

‘André! it was you who saved me.’ And he remembered the prophetic instinct which had driven him out of doors and impelled him to rush through the streets to her help.

He only said, ‘Without my father and that brave workman I should have been no good—I shouldn’t have had enough strength; still, I should have done it—or perished . . .’

And, quite overcome, she murmured, ‘André, it was miraculous what you did. Papa . . .’

But as she spoke a well-known face looked in through the half-open door—Ansberque’s face, melancholy and determined, but with even the waxed moustache and imperial no longer aggressive. Behind him came Mme. Ansberque, whose eyes were red, M. Germath looking well pleased though excessively tired, and Mme. Germath—all evidently much moved by the emotions of their recent reconciliation.

Mme. Ansberque knelt down by André and smoothed his forehead.

‘My dear, dear boy! How shall we ever thank you?’

Ansberque, stiffening, bit his lips—no scenes, if you please! But when he clasped André by the hand, proud as he was, he trembled and could not utter a word, as a flood of recollections rushed over him, and he re-lived his agony of despair when, having reached his house, he found it in ruins and his wife and daughter nowhere to be seen. In the confusion, no one could give him

any news of them, and he had suffered all the bitterness of his loss as well as the cruel tortures of suspense. He knew not if he would find them alive in the cellar where they had taken refuge. When they met, and he embraced them, he burst into sobs; and when they told him the dangers they had escaped, and who it was that had saved Lise from certain death, his proud and masterful, but still honest, soul was humbled and repentant.

Regrets—hitherto stifled by false shame—remorse, at having so gratuitously insulted his oldest friend, and the persistent voice of truth, too long unheeded, which told him that Germath had been entirely in the right and he—Ansberque—as blind as an infant, hurt him like so many stabs; and his natural loyalty, which perpetually reproached him with his hardness and obstinacy, insisted that he ought to have apologised to Germath twenty times over. To whom was it he owed wife and daughter—all that was dearest to him in the world? To those whom a moment before he had considered as his enemies, to whom he had wished no good, and whom now he must love and honour or be guilty of the basest ingratitude!

But had he really ever ceased to love them? Who could define the boundary line of love and hate, so often and so closely twined and intersected? He experienced a strange confusion of mind. To think that Germath, whose hospitality he had spurned, whose threshold he had vowed never to cross again; that André, whose heart he had broken; that the mother, whom he had so coldly shown his door when she came to plead for her son, should be Lise's preservers!

Ansberque, who was both generous and chivalrous beneath his obstinacy, suffered a real martyrdom.

But duty—a duty which was no longer a sacrifice of his pride, for now both pride and honour bade him make amends—showed him the path he must tread, and pointed to that road—though the shells still fell on all sides—the road of peace and reconciliation, which led past the wall jutting out by the immemorial chestnut tree, to the door he used to push open so joyfully on the first Saturday in each month—to Ortrude's *déjeuner*—the Rhine salmon and the stuffed chickens!

'Come, Lise! Come, wife!

And they set out, keeping close to the walls and climbing over heaps of stones, for the whole length of the rue du Dôme was in ruins and full of yawning cavities. Their hearts were sore within them at the sight of the New Church, which was nothing but

cinders—a dead volcano—and as they trod the ashes of books and manuscripts beneath their feet. At the pitiful sight of the Cathedral close, tears welled in their eyes, for the whole square was strewn with the débris of broken pillars and headless statues. They could see the sky through the Cathedral arches; while, in the interior, the flagstones were littered with rubbish, the organ hung suspended in space, and the windows looked down on nothingness. These general misfortunes, added to their own private ones, revived their depression, and raised it from sorrow for the city to a personal pity for the sufferers. Only to think that two days ago—two only—they also had had their happy little home, their hearth, and the dear intimacy of domestic life! But now, of Ansberque's study, of the collection of guns on which, as a sportsman, he prided himself; of the drawing-room, with its piano and carved press—André's particular corner; of Lise's little white bedroom, with its narrow bed and the thousand trifles she had treasured—of all the things they had loved, there remained nothing at all.

Rich and envied as they had been, they were on the street just as much as those unhappy creatures who wandered about the quays, crouched in the shelter of doorways, or dug holes to protect themselves in the slopes of the ramparts.

So painful was the feeling that it added to Ansberque's sense of solitude and to the humiliation of his discomfiture, and made him the more eager to be re-united to his friend.

'Germath!'

'Ansberque!'

And the men had clasped hands with profound joy in the recovery of their friendship—a blessing the dearer since it had been so nearly lost. Yet there was much sorrow, too, in their re-union. The Germaths had done the honours of their house—that is, of the three rooms beneath the terrace; the coachhouse where Germath slept (when he had time) with the wounded captain and Uncle Anselme; the harness-room, which was reserved for Mme. Germath, André and Charles; and the stables, where Ortrude and the servants were installed.

They both smiled when they saw Ansberque come in. It was melancholy to think that such excellent people should have taken offence over politics; and certainly none of Dr. Weiss' ointments and dressings would do André half so much good as their visit!

As for Ortrude, she had many memories of former visits in happier times, when, on the other side of the lawn, now strewn with

branches, they had foregathered in that dear old house where for so many years everything had been the pink of perfection ; where the very furniture had at last become almost human, and everything bore the imprint of the family tradition of solid comfort.

'Remember, Ansberque,' said Germath, 'no one shall say that next Saturday—*our* Saturday—we omitted breaking bread together ! Promise that you will come, just as usual, provided nothing untoward happens ! As we cannot meet in happiness, we must meet in submission and hope.'

Ansberque accepted, much moved.

But Ortrude exclaimed, 'You will have a miserable dinner, M. Ansberque ! The days when I had everything to hand, and plenty of fish and fresh vegetables and good butter, are over ! Now there is nothing to eat but beef ; and those wretches have made my lovely kitchen no better than a pig-sty—saving your presence !'

'That is quite true ! Come and see how we have suffered, Ansberque.'

On learning that his friends had lost everything in the fire, Germath had offered them the precarious hospitality of his own shelter ; when they refused, on the grounds that they were really not so badly off in their cellar—'I assure you we manage excellently,' Ansberque protested—Germath had made them accept necessary clothing, linen, and blankets. It was impossible to refuse what was offered so whole-heartedly ; and it was a mark of delicacy on Germath's part to show Ansberque the house, fearfully devastated by the shells. He took a melancholy pride in pointing out their share in the common suffering, and, indeed, felt it to be the only consolation he could offer.

Two shells had fallen on the house : one on the night of the destruction of the Library, the other on the night of the destruction of the Cathedral ; and each had smashed furniture, floors, and walls. The kitchen had a gaping hole as a supplementary window ; the blast of the explosion had torn saucepans and preserving-pans from the walls on which they hung and reduced them to shapeless rubbish, had split the iron kitchen-range, and shattered the kitchen china to atoms.

Fragments of gun-metal were welded into the panelling in the dining-room ; by a miracle, the china plates had been spared, though the glass and the windows were completely pulverised.

Stoumpff's white face suddenly emerged from the underground staircase. He was now living with his wife and infant burrowed in the cellar, which he thought safer than being above ground,

though it was terribly damp. Germath also permitted some workmen to lodge there whom he had once employed at his factory—hapless people with neither bread to eat nor a roof to cover them. They camped out in the darkness in the queerest fashion, with straw beds and such furniture as had escaped destruction—Lina Stoumpff sleeping on a sofa, while Stoumpff wore, despite the hot August weather, his cousin Germath's fur-coat. He bemoaned their fate from morning till night, and loudly anticipated death at every explosion. The sight of Ansberque dumfounded him; but perceiving that the cellaret—a rosewood cabinet, unfolding like a screen, and containing a set of spiral decanters with labels on their necks—was still unharmed, he took possession of it and carried it downstairs with him—for safety, he said.

In the Germaths' bedroom the second shell had wrought wide havoc. The wardrobe, with its pier-glass, was in pieces, whence protruded fragments of linen and garments; the great bed was smashed, and the wall-paper hung in strips on the walls. It was pitiful to see all these things, which bore the impress of so intimate and domestic a happiness, of so many familiar habits, of confidential talks and of peaceful nights, thus brutally ruined and defiled.

Ansberque, with the old nervous twitch about his mouth, exclaimed, 'My poor friend, how right you were! The Empire in which I believed so firmly, and from which I hoped such great things, has turned out to be utterly worthless and incapable even of protecting us! Alas, for all my illusions! Do you still believe in these rumours of victory? I don't! Everything is breaking up and going to pieces! Just think of those fools who only yesterday rushed out to the Austerlitz gate, to meet—if you please—a body of thirty thousand men, said to be approaching with a band at their head—lies and delusion, of course, like everything else!'

The words expressed so much melancholy, and such a complete reversal of all Ansberque's cherished ideas, that Germath received them in silence. At first, Ansberque's repentance had made him happy, and had relieved his heart of a great burden; but now he felt miserable to think that such a breach should have been possible, and began to ask himself if, indeed, the freshness and vigour of their old friendship and confidence could ever be really restored. Without knowing why, he feared a vague something in the unknown future. . . .

They walked up the shaky stairs ; above their heads a large hole revealed the bulging laths and beams, the gloom of garrets, and a huge crack through which the daylight shone. A door, wrenched from its hinges, opened on an immense room, half burnt ; here were visible torn strips of rich tapestries—half a monkey mounting half a horse or pursuing the rent arms and shoulders of bathing nymphs. There, a Louis XIV. bureau, in fragments, had smashed the glass of the cases ; here lay precious pottery, rare Chinese vases, pieces of the ebony and ivory cabinet, as delicate as lace-work, all shivered to atoms ; while some medals, a heavy sword, and a couple of daggers had been tossed away, as if they were so much refuse, into a corner.

This was all that remained of Uncle Anselme's museum.

He appeared suddenly on the threshold of his narrow student's bedroom, his big, kind eyes wide open, held out his hand to Ansberque without surprise, and said, as if he were talking to himself, ' I daresay I was too fond of it all ; I lived too much for these old things, and I am punished for it. Still, there were some fine specimens among them ; why should they have been destroyed ? *That* can't be the Will of the Lord. But, after all, what are my losses to Strasbourg's ? And *why* should all this be ? I ask you, *why* ? Why burn all these treasures, and kill all these people ? '

And he pressed his hands to his forehead with an impulsive gesture of despair and perplexity. Since he had come back to the house to find his museum destroyed, he had been in a kind of stupor, not paying any attention when he was spoken to, answering at random, and only becoming himself again when he was with Charles, as if—children, both of them—they understood each other's thoughts.

Ansberque left with his wife and Lise, who had parted from André with a long, long clasp of the hands and long, clinging looks. Yet, all the same, both carried away from their happy meeting and the reunion they had so passionately yearned for, a feeling of sadness, a strange sense of evil to come.

The bombardment fell on the town with a cold precision and an inflexible regularity. Dead horses lay about everywhere. Every moment the firemen sped through the streets, men fell even while they passed, and the ambulances ceaselessly carried off the wounded. At the Botanical Garden the dead were piled up in a great room, which the medical students, who had acted so courageously at the fire, called ' the stiff-uns' room ' in their

hideous slang. The corpses of soldiers and civilians, of women and children, were huddled together in a horrible promiscuity. Under a fierce sun, Strasbourg stank of fire and corruption. The citadel had ceased burning. At the arsenal, the heat from the fire at the fencing school had been such that the leaden studs on the cannon-balls had melted. The Faubourg de Pierre and the Faubourg National were simply rubbish heaps. Wretched people cut down trees and propped them against the slopes of the ramparts, to form a kind of protection behind which they might sleep. Forbidding faces were to be seen everywhere, and tattered creatures begged—with threats. Some loudly accused Uhrich of treachery—Uhrich, still perfectly unmoved in his determination to hold out, and loyal in his patriotism; but everyone felt he ought to have done better; and the friendship, patronage, and support of the Prefect compromised him.

Many men's hearts failed them. Some of the municipal council, with Humann at their head, came to ask an authorisation to interview Werder, in order to beg him to cease his fire for four or five days—offering him a large sum as compensation for each day of grace. Uhrich refused, on the grounds that the overture would be undignified, and that the enemy, thinking the town expected to be relieved shortly, would redouble his efforts to reduce it the sooner.

'I know what I have to do,' he said. 'And I shall do it, to the end.'

The discontent fermented, crowds collected in the Place Gutenberg and called for vengeance on Uhrich, who armed the National Guard. The firemen were quite worn out; and the citizens, organised as watchmen, took their turn to go the rounds at night and give warning of fires.

Provisions became dear, and distress increased. The newspapers—the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* and *L'Impartial du Rhin*—were wholly reduced to local information, and filled their pages with long lists of deaths and notices of the rare births.

All the time, Uhrich was sending despatch after despatch, desperately appealing to the minister Palikao, who replied to him, by way of Schlestadt, bidding him cross the Rhine with his army, and throw himself into the country round Baden. Uhrich shrugged his shoulders.

Rumours of deliverance were always in the air, and the people, greedy for comfort, let themselves be beguiled by that old delusion.

One day it was said that good news had been transmitted, cunningly hidden in a cigarette, by a secret agent ; another, that a soldier had been seen in the streets whose tunic-buttons bore the number of an unknown regiment. Brains were over-excited, and absurd inventions multiplied. People went mad. The dark fears of those who had sought the shelter of the cellars combated the gloomy stoicism of the more courageous. A kind of fierce resignation, upbore the greater number. They continued to come and go under the shells—sometimes lying down on their faces, sometimes sheltering in the corner of a doorway, sometimes walking straight on ; acts of heroism were of daily occurrence ; and Strasbourg, maimed, burnt, crushed, but with her ramparts still uninjured and her bastions unbreached, rallied the forces of her soul, and said, 'I will never surrender !'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE table was laid in the harness room, on trestles, and surrounded by incongruous chairs. Peaches from the fruit wall and plums from the orchard were arranged in pyramids on china dishes.

Several pieces of the dinner-service and the glass had been smashed. Charles asked in vain for a taper champagne glass, and had to content himself with one of the blue-green ones kept for the Rhine wines.

Helped by Gretchen and Hannah, Ortrude had somehow managed to light her kitchen fire ; it was a point of honour with her that the guests should breakfast, not of course as well as on previous Saturdays, but as well as circumstances permitted.

As usual on fête-days—and perfectly deaf to her master's orders and entreaties—she had embarked on quince tarts, and had prepared—only three courses, certainly, but those delicious (though they would have been much more delicious had she had the beautiful Robertsau butter to use for them), composed of pigeons (shot on the roofs) stewed with mushrooms (how she had been able to find anything to garnish them with she did not know), a fillet of beef *au Madère*, and a cheese savoury.

'What a pity !' she muttered. In other years, directly shooting began, the guests were regaled with game—M. Ansberque supplying them with hampers full. He would certainly have been pleased if

she had served up quails *au salpicon* or partridges cooked in buttered paper.

A year ago, about this time, she had dressed a haunch of venison which had been talked of for quite six months ; M. Wohlfart cast up his eyes to Heaven at the mere memory of it.

But a huge saucepan claimed her attention. She had put into it, successively, a quarter of a smoked ham, a sausage, some goose-fat, potatoes, and a muslin bag full of juniper berries and large grains of black pepper ; the whole emitting, when she lifted the lid, a most delicious smell. As it was a fête-day, she was going to give some of the stew to the workpeople who had taken refuge in the cellar—also to the poor who came twice a week to have their soup-bowls filled ; and it was quite certain that Lina Stoumpff would never smell anything so good without asking for a plateful.

Precisely at eleven o'clock, the front door was opened.

'Goodness me !' cried Gretchen, who was on the look-out, 'if they haven't all come ! There is M. Wohlfart, and then the Ansberques, and Pastor Gottus—and then, if you'll believe it, M. Humblot !'

'He must have smelt the mushrooms,' said Hannah, who was quite aware of the stout gentleman's timidity.

He was puffing a good deal through his enormous moustaches, and, though he was pale from apprehension, was proud at the same time of the risks he had run *en route*. Everyone was pleased to have arrived safely. The greatest credit belonged to Mme. Ansberque, for Lise would have gone through fire and water to reach André, and her only fear, on hearing the redoubled thunder of the guns, had been lest her father should veto the visit altogether. Stoumpff was just coming up from the cellar, having vainly tried to persuade his wife to accompany him ; he was himself far from easy in mind.

'Welcome !' said Germath. 'And thank God we meet again alive and well !'

'He has wonderfully preserved us,' said Gottus, 'and in this trial we not only meet in the body, but our souls are also bound together by a common tie and in a common desire. The bread we break will be, I venture to say, a communion—a sign of our brotherhood in sorrow, as well as in the one thought that moves us all—the deliverance of Strasbourg.'

Then, as on former occasions, they all took their places, smiling at each other ; but to-day the smiles were full of emotion. Since

they last met all had experienced extraordinary reverses or calamities.

Mme. Germath and her husband tried to restore cheerfulness; but the heaviness was not easily dispersed, and only André and Lise, sitting side by side, were completely happy.

Each man was thinking of those great events which had changed his life, and each man felt that he was himself changed by them; the old comfortable security was a thing of the past; fear for the future shadowed all hearts, even that of little Charles, seated by Uncle Anselme, when he remembered poor little Noémi.

Nobody seemed hungry at first—everyone having a sort of shame at enjoying good cheer at such a time. But the very scruple they felt quieted the conscience; the whole party realised that it was no selfish pleasure which brought them together—in this sort of casemate so close to the coach-house where the wounded captain lay—not well enough to join their party, and waited on by Mme. Germath herself.

Conversation grew quite brisk by the time the fillet of beef with the Madeira sauce was put on the table, and an old burgundy, which Germath produced only once a year, was served with it. Hope sprang up again—hope, so often disappointed and so often renewed—on that subject to which all conversation inevitably turned—the relief of Strasbourg.

Was there not talk of a French army corps, now advancing? Despite all previous disappointments, everybody began to feel more sanguine, and, in their world apart, André and Lise hoped everything from fate and the future. For the present, they could afford to wait. Happiness radiated from the strength of their love.

‘I assure you,’ said Humblot, ‘the army corps isn’t more than twenty kilometres away; I know it for a fact!’

‘Undoubtedly!’ cried the credulous Stoumpff, who had just taken his wife a large helping of the ragoût of pigeons and another of the stew.

‘In any case, we shall know,’ said Wohlfart, whose brother was one of the municipal commission, ‘for Louis and a few others have resolved to demand that the Prefect shall publish his telegrams.’

The creation of the municipal commission was considered a great event, replacing, as it did, the old council, whose small and lifeless meetings bore so much evidence of the blow the city had received that the mayor scarcely ever assembled them.

The Prefect had nominated the commission at the urgent entreaty of some of the councillors ; his compliance was significant as admitting that things went ill with the Empire—that the edifice was cracking.

He no longer put the Imperial Eagle on his proclamations, or mentioned in them those sacred words, *the French Empire*.

The commission—composed of ill-assorted elements, Bonapartists, Orleanists, Liberals—also contained a majority of young Republicans, led by a man of great merit—Dr. Küss—in whom coolness and shrewdness were united to an absolute devotion to the public good, much amiability, and real goodness of heart.

These new men were generally approved ; their first care had been to organise the relief of those who had suffered from the shells ; and the bell of the *mairie* had already announced that homeless families would find shelter at the theatre, in the municipal schools, and in the imperial castle. These unfortunate people had further to be fed. So, with the help of M. Zopff, the commission had just opened cheap restaurants for them at the school in the rue des Tanneurs, at the market-hall, and in other places.

Wohlfart described the meetings at the *hôtel de ville*. At the first, which took place in the great hall on the ground-floor, shells had burst against the window. Some of the members proposed seeking a safer spot, but Humann had declared, in a fervour of patriotic despair, that it would be a fine thing to die at the post of honour. The sitting was hardly over when a shell shattered the whole place. After this the meetings were held in the muniment room in the *mairie*.

‘Do you know it ?’ said Wohlfart. ‘It is a dark little place, vaulted ; the windows are protected by sacks of bran and mattresses, and the table is lit by candles ; you can enter by the cellar if the bombardment is violent. At the headquarters, which are continually aimed at, General Uhrich and his staff have been obliged to lodge themselves in an armoured shelter.’

‘Absurd !’ said Humblot—the burgundy had flushed his cheeks and emboldened his heart. ‘You can be killed wherever you are !’

He was less nervous taking his turn at ambulance work, surrounded by his neighbours, and obliged to make himself useful, than alone with his wife in a dripping cellar. Sometimes his duty was painful enough ; only the previous evening he had gone

out with the ambulance men to bury the dead after the small attack delivered by Colonel Blot, and had been obliged to retire under the enemy's fire. He had seen a frontier guard brought back on a stretcher with the top of his head carried away . . . Humblot had turned faint and sick.

Wohlfart—who worked hard and courageously, and who had taken part in the sortie of the two battalions of the 87th—remarked : ‘Courage, so far as we civilians are concerned, depends largely on the day and hour and one’s moral and physical condition. You need a constant mental exaltation and a very unusual moral strength to attain to the imperturbability of a Dupetit-Thouars or an Exelmans. Yesterday, someone told me that the admiral was marching at the head of his marines under a perfect hail of shell. They hesitated. “Where I go,” he shouted, “you can follow without danger.” At the very moment an explosion dashed the sword out of his hand and threw him to the ground. He got up and went on ; a sailor had his head blown off. “That is because he was not marching close behind me,” said the admiral, and he continued his advance.’

‘Yes!’ said Germath. ‘I quite realise how much courage is displayed on these daily reconnaissances and small sorties, but they are absolutely without result. Urich’s passive heroism does not satisfy me at all. Strasbourg has not merely walls and guns—she has also men.’

It was, in fact, a very sore point with him that no use was made of nine thousand Strasbourgers like himself, and that the National Guard was limited exclusively to preventing riots. This time Ansberque made no protestations ; he merely listened, haughtily as ever, but depressed.

In default of better employment, Germath—it would have cost him much to fire a shot against Haffner, and he bitterly hated this unnatural war—gave all his time to ambulance work, the establishment of restaurants for the indigent, or other useful work. Moving in her own circle of friends and neighbours, Mme. Germath visited the poor constantly and gave with bountiful hands.

The quince tartlets made their appearance, and Charles brightened up ; his little face—rather pale and thin after this three weeks’ confinement—became smiling and cheerful. Uncle Anselme was silent and absent. M. Gottus—evidently recalling his thoughts from far away—said suddenly :

‘The Library was burnt on August 24, as on the corresponding

date, seventy years after Christ, was the Temple at Jerusalem. On September 6th Jerusalem was taken.'

They all looked at each other. It was now the 3rd—only three days more ! . . . But no one could believe that the enemy would risk the assault ; it seemed indeed he had fully resigned himself to open siege-works—knowing that the people, far from forcing Uhrich to capitulate, were determined that their city should hold out—and by now had only begun the second parallel.

All the same, the recollection of that horrible night of fire and shell was still so close and vivid that everybody felt uneasy, and an anxious silence fell upon all of them.

Presently Germath raised his glass. ' Let us drink to our good old Strasbourg, to our dear Alsace, and to our France ! '

With much emotion, everyone rose and touched glasses, Ansberque saying in a changed voice, ' Yes—to France, which is a long way from us ! Strasbourg may well perish without anyone coming to help her ! To France ! May we soon be restored to her, and may she keep us in her heart, as a mother her child. To France ! My God ! shall we be Frenchmen at all in three weeks' time ? '

There was a profound silence. Ansberque had said aloud what all felt and none dared avow even to himself ; but that *he* should say it—he who had been so credulous ! A chill, like the chill of death, fell on the party. André and Lise looked at each other suddenly, frightened, as if some dark cloud hovered over them—as if an abyss had suddenly opened and yawned between them. But, after all, it was the sensation of a moment ; they were soon smiling at each other, as, with tears in their eyes—silently, and as gravely as if they were performing a religious rite—they all went to touch glasses with that Mme. Germath had just taken to the wounded captain. Deadly pale from his illness, and with an expression never to be forgotten, he had raised his glass to theirs, with a loud clinking, so greatly did his hand tremble.

The days went by. Public monuments and military buildings were alike fired by the shells. It became necessary to evacuate the citadel ; the college was in ruins ; the military mill and bake-house near the Porte des Pêcheurs and the barracks at Finckmack were riddled with shot ; at the hour of service, shells fell on the door and in the nave in the church of St. Thomas ; three gaping holes in the Porte de Pierres had to be stuffed up with sacks of plaster ; the suburb of Saverne was literally nothing but a mass of beams and rubbish, in the midst of which the carcasses of horses

rotted under a burning sun or storms of torrid rain. Two hundred and ninety-seven houses were razed to the ground, and in two days more than sixty persons were injured. The enemy's fire, without sparing the town, was now more and more directed against the works and ramparts, and Strasbourg lacked gunners. On the 8th, to celebrate the birthday of the Grand Duke of Baden, the bombardment was fearful. The efforts of the foe were now redoubled; he was endeavouring to make a breach in bastion 12. An officer, with a flag of truce, appeared for the fourth time to summon Urich to surrender.

Meat was scarce; the people were eating horse-flesh.

Alternating between hope and fear, as false reports were born and died, Strasbourg, from a state of feverish excitement, fell into dejection and despair. One sole idea animated it—never to surrender; and one only hope—the hope of relief. Not a day but brought its own particular delusion.

If the half-hints of the chief commissioner of police (an agent of the Prefect's and mysteriously well informed) were to be believed, the army from Rome was crossing the Rhine at Huningue, the Prince Royal had been beaten at Meaux, and Dumont's division was advancing by forced marches. Such rumours spread rapidly—they must be true—someone had seen the telegram; someone else had spoken to the bearer of it. Then, once more, the horizon narrowed; there remained only the thunder of the bombardment, and death, for ever hanging over every man's head—death, which each person expected from one moment to another with a resignation which, under such conditions, became a habit.

'Uncle!' said Charles, 'what was burnt in the Library?'

He had heard with immense surprise that he would never see many of those interesting things again; their mysterious origin puzzled him, and his uncle's stories had made them alive for him with a life which was half shadowy and half real.

'Everything is burnt, little Charles, absolutely everything.'

'Even Kléber's sabre and the little flag of Strasbourg with the Virgin and the Child Jesus?'

'Everything, Charles. Would you like a game of cards, or would you like me to tell you the story of Canon Schmid—you remember, the story of the little leaden soldier?'

But Charles, whose mind was busy, despised these distractions: he wanted to know. So many strange ideas—so many new fancies—worried his little head.

'Is it true we shall have to eat horses?'

'Yes, little man; but horse is very nearly as nice as beef.'

'And when all the horses have been eaten?' asks Charles anxiously, wondering where people are going to stop, and haunted by the picture of the Medusa and the song of the Little Ship where the cabin-boy, selected by lot, is eaten, with a white sauce and 'sal-sal-salsify uncooked.'

'Why then,' said his uncle, trying to laugh, 'then we shall fall back on jars of that *pâté de foie gras*, which you like so much! And you must think yourself lucky, Charles, for many people only have dry bread—when they have that!'

Now that Anselme Germath was getting used to the break-up of everything which had been dear to him, and to the loss of the museum which had cost him so many years of patient research and afforded him all the keen delights of the collector, he devoted himself to the poor, and could hardly bear to think that human beings should be forced to take refuge in the great sewer (happily dry) which ran under the Broglie and into the canal near the theatre.

Constantly engaged in his simple charities, he went about the town, turning away his eyes from sights which were too painful—broken monuments, subsiding roads, Strasbourg bruised, battered, destroyed to its foundations.

He gave away money, purchased provisions, provided shelter—furtively and alone, doing good by stealth. Every day he came across fresh cases of misfortune and want, and he suffered in suffering humanity as in those inanimate objects which he tried to forget, but which continually offended his eyes or beset his memory. These districts, these roads, these faces were his dear Strasbourg in distress; when a shell exploded in his path, he asked himself if this hell would last for ever. A score of times he narrowly escaped being killed.

One day, returning to the house, he saw a woman in front of him with brown hair and a little basket on her arm, and fancied that her figure and her walk were not unknown to him. As she passed Kermer's *brasserie*, she nodded to Suzel, the plump waitress with the white arms.

'Why,' he said to himself, 'it is Hannah!'

He admired her for her courage, for, while Gretchen preferred to remain in shelter, Hannah, as brave as Ortrude, came and went

as her duty and her business required, and as if nothing particular was going on.

Suddenly a shell fell at the end of the street. Anselme tried to call out to Hannah to save herself, either by throwing herself down on the ground or by taking shelter in an angle of the wall. The shell burst, and he saw the poor girl move her left wrist, to which her bleeding hand hung by a mere thread of flesh. He ran to her. She was deadly pale, and losing blood from an artery; he bound up the wrist with his handkerchief as tight as he could. On the fourth finger of that poor hand, a hand reddened by manual labour and yet carefully kept, there was a silver ring—the ring Wilhelm had given her on the day they became engaged.

Anselme supported her home. At the sight of the torn flesh, at the sight of this pretty girl crippled in the prime of her youth, he could have died of grief; his heart revolted at such wanton brutality.

At the house everyone was sorrowfully anxious to do all they could. Mme. Germath, Gretchen, and Ortrude were full of help and solicitude. Rage burnt in Ortrude's tired old eyes; the big kitchen knife, which she used to chop onions, gleamed on the table; woe to any German who had found himself there at that moment—be he Wilhelm or be he Haffner!

M. Germath had fetched Dr. Weiss. Fortunately (where all was misfortune), the doctor arrived in the nick of time, for it was fearful to see the young blood flowing from that ruthless amputation, the red fountain of life soaking cloths and bandages, and to smell that acrid odour of antiseptic—death's attendant—which came from but too many houses and seemed to impregnate everything. M. Weiss, with a mournful shake of his old head, had just left, when Germath saw Gottus running towards the house as fast as his years would allow him. He was quite beside himself.

'Great news! Great news, my dear friend!' he cried in a trembling voice. 'A week ago a great battle was lost at Sedan! The General and the Prefect knew all about it and concealed it! The whole army is taken prisoner with the Emperor; the Empire has fallen, and Paris has proclaimed a republic!'

The heavy import of these words completely overwhelmed Germath and bore down upon him like an avalanche. The Empire fallen! a republic proclaimed! In other times, he, as a Liberal, would have been wild with joy; but the news was accompanied by so many disasters, and the unknown future was so dark, that he

felt only a melancholy relief at the end of a *régime* which was responsible for such fearful misfortunes, and he was neither consoled nor reassured.

A republic? Yes, but where were the spirit and fervour of '92? And could even a republic now save Strasbourg?

'You do not seem so highly delighted after all,' said Gottus. 'Yet you wanted it so much and were so decided in your opinions! I hurried off, thinking I was bringing you such good news.'

M. Germath ruefully shrugged his shoulders. In the midst of the ceaseless thunder, of the earth-shaking crash, of the guns, beneath those unheeding heavens and between those walls whence hope had fled, he answered with tears in his eyes, as he looked anxiously into the gloomy future;

'Forgive me! But now I can only think of France!'

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S CASE-BOOK.

BY THE RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C.

THE DETECTIVE CASE.

IN the last week of October 1871, when Sir Thomas Dakin, the Lord Mayor of the City of London, was nearing the close of his year of office, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, with charming manners and an irreproachable Parisian accent, presented himself at the Mansion House, and applied for a grant from the French Relief Fund, which was being administered there. He gave his name as the Marquis de Morancy, representing himself as the Maire of Chateaudun, saying that the town had been burnt, and that its inhabitants were in the deepest need. The Lord Mayor welcomed and entertained him, and introduced him to Mr. Alfred Rothschild and Colonel Stuart Wortley, who were members of the Relief Committee. To them he produced letters of recommendation from M. Léon Say, the Prefect of the Seine, and from M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, then the private secretary of M. Thiers. The case was so urgent, and the applicant so persuasive, that a cheque for £1000 was handed to him. But the next day the fraud was discovered, and he was arrested, with £930 still in his possession. The letters of recommendation were forgeries; he was not a Marquis, and had no connexion with Chateaudun; his real name was Harry Benson, and his father was an Englishman carrying on business in Paris, where the pretended Marquis was born and educated. A few weeks later he was committed for trial from the Mansion House police court on the charge of forgery. While he was in Newgate, awaiting trial, he made an attempt at suicide which was absolutely heroic. He set fire to his straw mattress, and lay in the flames until he was almost burnt to death. The fire was discovered just in time for his life to be saved, but his legs were so dreadfully injured that his trial had to be postponed month by month for eight months, while he lay in the hospital in terrible suffering; and it was not until the Old Bailey Session of July 1872 that he had sufficiently recovered to be carried into court on the back of a warder, and set down in the dock to take his trial. He pleaded guilty, and the Recorder, in consideration of his sufferings and his

condition, abstained from passing a sentence of penal servitude, and sentenced him to twelve months' imprisonment, and such hard labour as he might be capable of performing. The twelve months were in fact spent in the infirmary; and when in July 1873 he was discharged from prison, and taken to some lodgings which his relations had secured for him at Eleanor Road, Dalston, he was quite unable to walk, and had to be carried up and down stairs. The lodgings were kept by a very respectable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Avis, who were told that the invalid was brought from a sanatorium, and that his name was G. H. Yonge. Some months later Mrs. Avis learnt that this was an assumed name, and that his real name was Harry Benson.

He remained with Mrs. Avis as a lodger for a year and a half, his friends paying her an allowance of £2 a week, and during this time his condition gradually, but very slowly, improved.

Early in the year 1874 Benson saw an advertisement for an editor or correspondent who could write articles on various subjects. He answered it, and so became acquainted with a young man, four years his junior, whose talent for swindling almost amounted to genius. William Kurr was then only twenty-three years old. As a boy of fourteen he had been a clerk in the office of the South-Eastern Railway; but a year in that employment tired him of respectability, and he became a betting tout, and clerk to fraudulent bookmakers and moneylenders; and according to his own account given at the trial he lived from the year 1871 onwards by plundering and swindling the public.

At first he paid Benson five guineas a week for writing one or two articles, but he soon saw how valuable the help of a clever writer and good linguist would be, and by the middle of 1874 they were partners in adventure.

A 'Systematic Investment' firm was started in Howard Street, Glasgow, and lasted three months. There were two other men, Street and Bale, concerned in this, and of the profit of £3000 which was obtained Benson had one-eighth. Then, a little later, a more ambitious scheme was started, which concerned betting in France. 'Archer & Co.,' a turf agency, opened an office in the Strand, and there in six days they netted £4000. The office was transferred to Brighton for a week, and there the catch was £1000. The business was shifted to Glasgow, and there was carried on for a month. That resulted in a further haul of £8000, and of these profits Benson received one-fifth. He now had money to spend;

and in January 1875 he went, still in the name of Yonge, to a pleasant house called Rose Bank, at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight. Shortly before this Mr. Avis had died, and Benson brought the elderly widow down to be housekeeper at Rose Bank. He had, besides two female servants, a coachman, a French valet, and a footman; he kept two carriages; and let it be understood in the neighbourhood that he was really a French nobleman, even of princely rank, and on terms of friendship with the Empress of Austria. Vivacious, intelligent, and well educated, an accomplished musician, himself a composer, he was soon accepted as a pleasant associate by some of the good society of the Isle of Wight, and the occasional accidental dropping of a handkerchief with an embroidered coronet and the letter 'M,' which was supposed to stand for Murat, gave a touch of interesting mystery to the acquaintance.

The purchase of the controlling interest in a local newspaper was useful in establishing his position.

During the early months of 1875 Benson and Kurr were associated with two men, named Walters and Murray, in a betting fraud called the 'Society for Insurance on the Turf,' which was carried on in London at Gresham House, and at 25 Moorgate Street. This was not a success; and in April 1875 Walters and Murray were arrested, and a warrant was issued against Kurr. Benson does not seem to have been suspected. Walters and Murray were committed for trial, but were allowed out on bail, and in June both of them absconded.

It is not necessary for the purposes of this article to trace the proceedings of Benson and Kurr during the year 1875, and the first half of the following year. They travelled together, staying on several occasions in Paris, and in Switzerland, and during the later part of the time were busy with an ambitious scheme for defrauding the French Government, which Benson had devised. This, however, was not successful; and when, after its failure, they returned to England at the beginning of August 1876, it was necessary to invent a new scheme. This was done while Benson and Kurr were driving together in a cab on the night of August 3, and it was put into execution with notable energy. The idea was to print a sham newspaper, in which would be explained the hard case of Mr. Alfred Montgomery, an English gentleman, who had such exceptional means of getting information about horses which were going to run that he was almost certain to back the winner,

and who had already won over half a million of money, but now found that the bookmakers had all agreed to refuse to take his bets. What he wanted was that private persons should make bets for him with bookmakers he would name, themselves finding no money and taking no risk, but forwarding the winnings to him, and receiving as their reward a payment of ten per cent. of his gains, and the assistance of his advice if they desired to make bets on their own account.

At the end of another fortnight the arrangements were complete. A printer, named Brydone, was found in Edinburgh, who produced a paper which purported to be No. 1713 of *The Sporting and Racing Chronicle*, and was said to be printed and published by Ralph Henderson, Newcastle Street, St. Clement's, London, that place and person having, of course, no real existence. Of this paper 750 copies were supplied. Brydone also printed for them a thousand cheques bearing the name of a fictitious bank, 'The Royal Bank of London, Agar Chambers,' and got them stamped. And he had a die engraved for their letter paper with the name of the same bank. The next thing was to arrange for the addresses of the wealthy sportsman and the bookmakers with whom he wished to deal. These were all in the same postal district, but on different postmen's beats. Kurr's younger brother Frederick and a man named Bale took the rooms. At 11 King Street, St. James', Frederick Kurr passed as Mr. Montgomery; at 2 Cleveland Row he was Mr. Jacob Francis, a bookmaker; and at St. James' Place he was known as Mr. Charles Jackson, also a bookmaker. Bale took rooms at 11 Duke Street in the name of Thomas Ellerton, who was described in the letters afterwards sent out as a 'sworn bookmaker,' and with whom the larger number of the bets were to be made. At 110 Jermyn Street Bale had rooms, and passed as Mr. Richard Gregory, also a bookmaker. Neither Benson nor William Kurr ever went to any of these addresses.

A French directory was obtained, and on August 20 about two hundred packets were sent by post to persons having châteaux in two of the French departments. Each packet contained a copy of the sham newspaper, containing an article written by William Kurr, explaining Mr. Montgomery's unfortunate position; a French translation by Benson of that article; and a letter in French inviting the recipient to take advantage of this opportunity of making large sums of money without any risk at all.

The bait was successful. Cheques on the Royal Bank of

London for large amounts, one for as much as £23,000, went out to France, and came back to one of the sham bookmakers, together with real French cheques from those who wished to share the golden harvest; and in little more than a month the confederates had netted about £15,000.

Their chief victim was a wealthy young widow, named Madame de Goncourt, who was so anxious to profit by the skill of Mr. Montgomery that, besides sending as directed the cheques sent out to her, she sent £10,000 of her own money in drafts upon a French bank, which were promptly changed into English bank-notes by a money-changer in Coventry Street. Then the swindlers made a mistake. They told Madame de Goncourt she must send £30,000 more, and that unless she did this the money she had already sent would according to the English law be forfeited. She tried to raise the money, and went to Paris for that purpose, but a notary whom she consulted of course detected the fraud. He took her to Mr. Abrahams, a very clever solicitor who practised both in London and Paris, and on September 25 Mr. Abrahams went in the morning to Northumberland Street, where the business of the bank was supposed to be carried on, and in the afternoon to Scotland Yard. There the case was put into the hands of Inspector Druscovich, one of the ablest and most trusted members of the detective force, who had been in the service sixteen years, and had earned rapid promotion and several special rewards.

That night Kurr heard that complaint had been made and their letters stopped, and he drove after midnight to Newington Green Road where Benson was staying, and finding he was in bed, threw a stone through the window of his room. The confederates were not greatly alarmed. Benson called at Kurr's house in the morning, and went down with him to the office in Northumberland Street, quite near to Scotland Yard, and there Fred Kurr and Bale met them, and they destroyed or carried away any papers which might be dangerous. That night Benson, Fred Kurr, and Bale travelled to Glasgow by the night train, and put up at Macrae's Hotel in the names of Cosno, Reynolds, and Richardson; while William Kurr, although he knew that a warrant for his arrest in connexion with the Walters and Murray fraud was still out, stayed in London, at the house where he had been living with his wife and family since 1874. Benson took with him £13,500 in Bank of England notes, and the next day received

£500 more. On the 28th warrants were issued at Bow Street against Alfred Montgomery, Thomas Ellerton, and Jacob Francis ; and Mr. Abrahams, having found out where the De Goncourt drafts were changed, gave information to Druscovich, who, late in the afternoon, went to the money-changer, and ascertained the numbers of sixty £100 Bank of England notes which had been paid to Bale a week earlier. Notice was sent to the Bank of England stopping fifty-six of those notes.

The next morning, the 29th, Benson had a letter from Kurr telling him of the issue of the warrants, and giving the numbers of the notes which had been stopped. He immediately went to the Trongate branch of the Clydesdale Bank, and opened an account there by paying in £5900 in notes which had not been stopped, and then went to the City of Glasgow Bank and opened an account with £1735 of such notes.

On October 3 Benson had some further information from London, and he took a bold course. He went to the Clydesdale Bank and paid in the fifty-six £100 notes which had been stopped, thus making the amount to his credit £11,500, and explaining that he had heavy payments to make at Greenock, he obtained a draft for £10,000 upon the Greenock branch of the bank. This he promptly cashed, and at 9 o'clock that night he took the express to London, and returned to his lodgings at Newington Green, with about £10,000 in Scotch notes.

For the next five weeks the confederates do not seem to have been in any uneasiness. Benson and Kurr stayed together at Brighton, and Hastings, and Matlock, and occasionally came to London. They had plenty of money, for the Scotch notes were not numbered and could not be stopped, and could therefore be easily changed if tendered singly.

So safe did they feel that from November 4 to 10 they were staying at the Queen's Hotel at the Bridge of Allan, Benson giving the name of Yonge, by which he had always been known in the Isle of Wight. In that name he opened an account at the local branch of the Clydesdale Bank. He paid in to that account £3000 in Scotch notes he had obtained at Greenock ; and Kurr, using the name of Giffard, opened a separate account, and paid in £500 in similar notes. They then began to arrange for repeating the fraud which had been so successful. Mr. Brydone was seen, and some discussion took place as to the printing of another sham newspaper similar to the No. 1713 of the *Sporting and Racing Chronicle*.

But on November 10 there was a sudden change. Mr. Abrahams was still worrying at Scotland Yard ; fresh complaints had come in from France ; and Superintendent Williamson himself had taken the case in hand.

On the evening of Saturday the 10th Benson and Kurr were dining at their hotel at the Bridge of Allan, and had for their guest Mr. Aleck Monteith, the manager of the local branch of the Clydesdale Bank, to whom Benson had received a private introduction. While they were at dinner two telegrams arrived for Kurr warning him that at last the police were acting.

Later came by post an envelope, addressed to W. Giffard, containing a piece of blotting-paper with 'Get the lame man out of the way at once' on it, in large printed letters. This envelope was afterwards found at the hotel, for before the postman delivered it the swindlers had fled. Benson went to Derby, to Leicester, and then to Dublin, whence he sent off his French valet to America, with letters and telegrams which he was to post on his arrival at New York.

A week later Benson came to London and saw Kurr, and then went to Boulogne, and thence made his way to Rotterdam, where he stayed at the New Bath Hotel, and was joined by Bale and Frederick Kurr. Still there seemed to be no pursuit. But he had little or no money except the £100 Clydesdale Bank notes, of which he had twenty-five in his possession, and on December 1 he gave one of these to the landlord to change. The next day the three men were arrested. They nearly escaped again, for on December 4 the police at Rotterdam received a telegram :

'Find Morton (Benson) and the two men you have in custody are not those we want. Officer will not be sent over. Liberate them. Letter follows. Carter, Scotland Yard.'

The police waited for the letter, and found the telegram was a trick. So the prisoners were brought back to London where William Kurr had been arrested on December 4. But it was not until January 13, 1877, four months after Mr. Abrahams had given information of the fraud, that they were brought to the Bow Street Police Court, and charged with forgery. Their trial at the Old Bailey before Baron Huddleston lasted from the 13th (curiously enough this was the day on which Harriet Staunton died) to the 20th April. Madame de Goncourt, who had recovered almost the whole of her money, appealed to the judge to be merciful, but he sentenced

Benson to fifteen years of penal servitude ; the two Kurrs and Bale to ten years ; and Murray, who was an accomplice after the fact, having tried to draw out the moneys remaining in the accounts at the Scotch banks, to eighteen months of imprisonment.

It was, of course, obvious that the long delay in bringing them to justice was due to a continued neglect of duty on the part of the detectives who had been in charge of the case, and a strict inquiry was instituted at Scotland Yard.

As a result Nathaniel Druscovich and William Palmer, chief inspectors in the detective department, John Meiklejohn, also an inspector, but of lower rank, and Edward Froggatt, a solicitor, were brought up at Bow Street charged with conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. The case created extraordinary interest, especially among the criminal classes of London ; strange crowds gathered round the door of the police court, and when Mr. Poland drove up to conduct the prosecution, shouted to him, ' Give it 'em 'ot, Poly, give it 'em 'ot.'

There were many hearings at Bow Street, and it was not until the case had gone on for several weeks, that George Clarke was arrested, and included in the charge. Clarke was the senior officer in the detective department at Scotland Yard, and when Superintendent Williamson was away, or engaged, he took charge of the office. He had been in the police force for thirty-seven years ; and since 1869 had been much engaged in suppressing offences against the Betting Acts, and had shown great energy, industry, and skill in procuring the conviction of many persons for such offences. Kurr and Benson now gave very serious evidence against him, and he with the other defendants was committed for trial. He came to me with an introduction from Mr. George Lewis, assured me that he was innocent, and begged me in consideration of his slender means to accept a small fee and very small refreshers. I believed him and sympathised with him, and agreed to a refresher of five guineas a day, half the amount which had been paid me in the Staunton case.

The trial, which began at the Old Bailey on October 24, 1877, was the longest which has ever taken place at that court. There were several Jews upon the jury, and, in compliance with an application made by them, the Judge agreed not to sit on Saturdays. Twenty full days were occupied by the trial ; eighty-seven witnesses were examined for the prosecution ; the evidence of Kurr and Benson occupied five days ; one day was filled by

the Attorney-General's opening, and very nearly two days by his reply.

There appeared for the Crown the Attorney-General (Sir John Holker), the Solicitor-General (Sir Hardinge Giffard), and the Junior Counsel to the Treasury, Mr. Charles Bowen (afterwards Lord Bowen). With them were associated Mr. J. E. Gorst, Q.C., whose useful assistance Sir John Holker enjoyed during the whole of his six years of office, and Mr. Hugh Cowie. The counsel for the defendants were, with one exception, members of the junior Bar. Montagu Williams, an intrepid and resourceful advocate, and one of the most generous and warm-hearted of men, defended Meiklejohn, and was assisted by Walter Ballantine, who made one of his very few appearances in the Court where his brilliant father, the Serjeant, had won so many laurels.

My dear old friend, Douglas Straight, with whose charming personality much of the enjoyment of my early years at the Bar was associated, and who showed in later years as a judge in India, and afterwards as for twelve years the able editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, qualities which made all regret that he had not continued his professional and political career in England, appeared for Druscovich. Mr. Besley and Mr. Grain were counsel for Palmer; and Mr. Arthur Collins, Q.C. (afterwards Chief Justice of Madras), Mr. Horace Avory (now Mr. Justice Avory), and Mr. Henry Kisch represented Froggatt. It was my good fortune to be assisted in the defence of Clarke by Mr. (now Sir Charles) Mathews, and I have never ceased to be grateful to him for the industry which lightened a very heavy task, and for acute criticism and suggestion which greatly helped me in the preparation of my speech.

We counsel, whether we appeared for the prosecution or the defence, were all fortunate in having Baron Pollock to try the case. Sir Charles Pollock belonged to a family which has given many able and distinguished men to the civil and military services of the country, and gave none more useful than he.

He had not indeed the masterful strength of his father, the great Chief Baron, but he was patient, painstaking, and courteous. His manifest desire to do justice, and his placid dignity, gave him full authority over the counsel who practised before him. I never heard of any personal unpleasantness between him and any member of the Bar, or of any complaint by a litigant whose case had come before him that it had not been fairly tried.

As Sir John Holker unfolded the story of the three months'

interval between the detection of the De Goncourt frauds and the arrest of the swindlers, it soon became evident that for three of the defendants, Meiklejohn, Druscovich, and Froggatt, no real defence could be made.

Kurr had kept, and carefully docketed, the letters and telegrams which he had at any time received, and which, useful as they had been in maintaining his hold upon his accomplices in the detective force, were now used to obtain his own release from the penal servitude to which he had been sentenced. And the story told by him and Benson was fortified point by point by this indisputable evidence. It was shown that in 1874, while the Archer & Co. fraud was being carried on at Glasgow, Meiklejohn, writing from London, was keeping Kurr informed as to what was happening at Scotland Yard. Kurr said that he had known Meiklejohn since 1872, and had constantly been helped by him in this way; that in 1873 he paid him £100 for stopping inquiries about a fraudulent betting agency which had been carried on at Edinburgh; and that in June 1874 he paid him £200 for information, given over a period of three months, as to complaints made at Scotland Yard about another such agency which was carried on at Glasgow. Of these alleged payments there was no corroboration, but a payment of £500 in November 1874 was proved beyond any possible doubt. Four letters from Meiklejohn to Kurr, with envelopes bearing dates in that month, were put in evidence. They were all of the same character, and a few lines from one will serve as a sample:

‘DEAR BILL,—Rather important news from the North. Tell H. S. and the young one to keep themselves quiet, and in the event of a smell stronger than now, they must be ready to scamper out of the way. . . . I fancy the brief (warrant) is out for some of you. If not it will be. So you must keep a sharp look out.’

In August 1874 Messrs. Hartland had purchased some French bank-notes, and paid for them a cheque for £296 8s. 10d. upon the Union Bank payable to A. L. Archer.

The cheque was cashed at the Union Bank, and notes, one for £200, given in exchange. That £200 note was paid by Meiklejohn into the Clydesdale Bank. On October of the same year some French money was changed by Messrs. Burt & Co., of Cornhill, who gave a cheque to the order of Archer & Co. for £992 1s. 4d. upon the London and Westminster Bank. This was cashed over the counter, and nine £100 Bank of England notes given as part of the amount. They were numbered 37121 to 37129.

Of these notes two were paid into Benson's banking account ; two went to Kurr's account at the Islington branch of the London and County Bank ; and two were paid in November by Meiklejohn to Mr. Aston, a solicitor in Lombard Street, through whom he had purchased a house in the South Lambeth Road.

A statement by Kurr that in July 1875 he gave [Meiklejohn £150 in gold had no similar corroboration, but three or four letters were put in evidence which were written by Meiklejohn to Kurr in the course of 1875, and which were of the same character as those already quoted.

In April 1876, apparently at the suggestion of Meiklejohn, steps were taken to get a hold upon Druscovich, who, as one of the chief inspectors, would be a still more useful ally. He at the time was pressed for money, and Kurr, in the presence of Meiklejohn, lent him £60 in notes, which were traced as having been paid by Druscovich to a solicitor who was pressing him for money. Again it was stated by Kurr, but there was no direct corroboration, that on August 22 he gave Druscovich £25.

Thus with regard to Meiklejohn and Druscovich it was impossible to deny that they had accepted money from men who were to their knowledge engaged in schemes of fraud. The evidence against Clarke upon this part of the case was less conclusive, but certain facts were established which could not easily be explained.

In April 1875 Clarke was in charge of the case against Walters and Murray, who, as before stated, were arrested, committed for trial, and released on bail, and then escaped to America. Just a year previously Clarke had written the following letter to Walters :

Westminster, April 4, 1874.

'SIR,—I should be glad if you could make it convenient to call at my house from eight to nine P.M. this day. Very important. Don't show this, or bring any one with you. If you cannot come I will be at Charing Cross Station at twelve noon to-morrow.'

At the date that letter was written inquiries were being made with respect to a burglary which was alleged to have taken place at Walters' house, and it was with the knowledge and approval of Superintendent Williamson that Clarke put himself in communication with Walters. But this curious letter, which had no signature, was not known to the superintendent. The letter had been photographed, and when in the early part of 1875 Walters and

Murray had been arrested for the frauds of 'The Society for Insurance on the Turf,' and Kurr, although a warrant was out against him, was staying with Benson at Rose Bank, and in the name of Medway, enjoying good society in the Isle of Wight, a plan was devised of using this letter, in order to secure Clarke's active or passive complicity in their frauds. At Benson's request a gentleman of respectability and good repute, Mr. Andrews, a colonial broker in the City of London, wrote to Inspector Clarke, and then called at Scotland Yard. On April 12 Clarke in his daily official report recorded that Mr. Andrews had told him that Mr. G. H. Yonge of Rose Bank, Shanklin, could give him information about the Walters and Murray fraud. Mr. Andrews said that Mr. Yonge was ill in bed, suffering from the effects of a railway accident, and being unable to leave the house had sent £5 to pay the expenses of some person to come and call upon him.

The money was refused, but the inspector was authorised by Mr. Williamson to go to Shanklin, and on the following day he did so, and had an interview with Benson.

Benson stated in the witness-box that they met twice, once in the evening, and again early the next morning, and that he told Clarke that he himself had drafted the Society's prospectus but knew nothing more about the matter, and that Kurr, of whom Clarke appeared to know nothing, was more sinned against than sinning. He stated also that they talked about the letter that had been photographed, and that he offered Clarke £100 if he would prevent his being called as a witness in the case; and that at the second interview he offered him £20 in gold, wrapped up in paper, telling him the amount. Clarke, he said, refused the £20, and took no notice of the other offer.

The fact that Clarke stayed at the hotel in Shanklin was recorded in Benson's newspaper. Upon April 15 the inspector duly reported this visit. He said that he had had a conversation with Yonge, whom he believed to be an impostor, and at the close of the report stated that Yonge was suffering from paralysis, and that, acting on the advice of his medical attendant, he would not consent to give evidence, as it would endanger his life to do so. Meiklejohn probably did not know of that report, for a few weeks later he wrote to Kurr, 'Send me the paper with Chieftain registered in it. If not let me have date when he was there.'

A few days after the Shanklin visit Clarke received a letter from Benson, which he did not report or preserve, and of which no draft

or copy was forthcoming, but which was answered by him in a letter that Benson produced :

April 19, 1875.

'DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 13th inst. I am astonished that you—a stranger—should know anything of my character, good, bad, or indifferent. Thank God, I am not afraid of any man, and do not care if all my actions were published to the world to-morrow. You have excited my curiosity, and I appeal to you as a gentleman to let me know what you have heard about me. You may depend on me in no way compromising you.

'Yours &c.,

'G. CLARKE.'

Another letter, not reported or preserved, was written by Benson on the same day, and was answered by the following :

Detective Office, April 26, 1875.

'DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 19th only reached me yesterday, having been absent from London. You must have misunderstood me when at Rose Bank, as I certainly said that my visit was purely official, and that I could not enter into any confidential correspondence respecting the two men Walters and Murray ; but I did express my astonishment that the secrets of the office were being betrayed by someone whose name you declined to give. I am still prepared and anxious to hear on that matter.'

The case against Walters and Murray went on, and Superintendent Williamson said : 'Clarke pursued the inquiry steadily and satisfactorily : he investigated the bail offered for those persons, and exerted himself in every way to prevent their release.' These exertions were not successful, and on June 16 he wrote to Benson the following letter :

20 Great College Street, Westminster, June 16, 1875.

'No doubt you have heard that the two men, Walters and Murray, did not appear to take their trial, and have not been heard of since. I hear they have left the country. I shall be glad to see you and talk over the matter, but I cannot spare the time this week. I feel that I want to have a run out somewhere for a blow. The men Kurr and Montagu have also left the country.

'Yours &c.,

'G. H. CLARKE.'

It was not the fact that Kurr had left the country. He remained here until August 16, when he went off with Benson to enjoy a

fortnight's holiday in Switzerland. But before they went Inspector Clarke had paid two more visits to Shanklin.

The letter just set out was answered by Benson, and Clarke wrote :

'Yours to hand. I cannot leave this week, but will endeavour to see you about Tuesday. Why don't you write more particulars ?

'Yours,
'G. CLARKE.'

On Tuesday, June 22, Clarke called at Rose Bank and saw Benson.

According to Benson's evidence he at this interview paid Clarke £50 in gold, explaining that it was difficult to get coin in so small a place as Shanklin, and promising to pay the balance of what he had promised when he handed over the letter which had been photographed. He said that in return Clarke promised to let him know if anything important took place with regard to Kurr, against whom a warrant was still out.

Early in August Meiklejohn was able to write to Kurr :

'DEAR BILL,—Your wire to hand. Glad to hear very good news. Treasury has paid and settled up all accounts in cash of W. and M. ; and I do not want to see or hear from them again.'

On August 16 Clarke went down to Shanklin with his daughter, and, leaving her to wait for him at a shop, paid a short visit to Rose Bank. A letter and two telegrams from him to Benson announcing this visit were put in evidence. What legitimate reason there could be for it was not very clear. Benson said its object was to procure the handing over of the letter and photograph, and that he told Clarke that Kurr would only hand it over personally, and that he and Kurr were going abroad that night, but that there was no fear of the letter being shown to anyone. No report was made by Clarke of these two visits, nor did he keep any of the letters received from Benson.

But a few weeks later he did obtain the coveted letter. An ingenious course was adopted to explain his coming into personal communication with Kurr against whom there was a warrant out. At the end of August the following letter was written by Street, and sent to Scotland Yard :

29 Marquis Road, August 30, 1875.

To Mr. Chief Inspector George Clarke, Scotland Yard.

SIR,—My name having been connected most unjustly with the late Turf frauds, of which I know nothing whatever, I should be

glad to meet you if you have any desire to see me, at any time and place you may choose to appoint. By forwarding a letter to the above address you will much oblige.

‘Yours obediently,
‘WILLIAM KURR.’

That letter was duly reported to Clarke’s superiors, and it was with their knowledge, and perhaps by their direction, that he had the interview with Kurr; at that interview Kurr handed over the original letter of April 4, 1874.

One fact remains to be stated with reference to the Walters and Murray fraud. In January 1876 a police notice was sent out containing a description of these two men, and saying that information with regard to them was to be sent to Superintendent Williamson. The explanation of this given by Benson was that he knew that Murray had come to England, and was afraid that he would be arrested, and the whole case reopened, and he suggested that something should be done by which Murray would be so much frightened that he would leave the country, or at all events keep himself in hiding.

The facts which have now been stated as to the relations between Benson and Kurr and the three detectives may give a clue to the long immunity of the persons against whom warrants were issued at the end of September 1876. The story of that delay may now be retraced in the light of the evidence accepted by the jury at the trial of the detectives.

The complaint of Mr. Abrahams of Scotland Yard was made about half-past three on the afternoon of September 25, and an hour later Superintendent Williamson put the case into the hands of Inspector Druscovich.

That evening, near the back entrance of Scotland Yard, Kurr saw Druscovich, who told him a big swindle had come in from Paris—£10,000—and that a solicitor had been to Scotland Yard about it.

That night Kurr, who said that in the interval he had had an interview with Clarke, who asked if the French notes had been changed, warned Benson by throwing the stone through his bedroom window. Northumberland Street is quite close to Scotland Yard, but the four chief conspirators were unmolested the next day when they met and cleared away any dangerous papers, although Mr. Abrahams had informed the police where the fraud was carried on.

The next morning, Saturday the 26th, Kurr saw Druscovich, and asked if any notes had been stopped, and Druscovich said he did not

know. That day nothing was done by the police, and that night Benson, Frederick Kurr, and Bale went to Glasgow. It was not until Monday, September 28, that any application was made for warrants of arrest, and then those warrants were taken out in the names of Alfred Montgomery, Thomas Ellerton, and Jacob Francis, the newly-invented names by which the swindlers had never been known, except in this De Goncourt fraud.

Late that afternoon Druscovich sent to the Bank of England, and stopped fifty-six of the £100 notes.

That night Meiklejohn, who was not at this time employed at Scotland Yard but had come up from Derby, where he was Superintendent of Police at the Midland Railway, told Kurr the numbers of the notes that had been stopped, and Kurr wrote to Benson the letter which enabled him to open the account at the Clydesdale Bank. At this interview Kurr gave Meiklejohn £20 in gold.

Meanwhile Kurr had seen Druscovich, and at the trial he gave this account of the conversation :

'I said "Have you got any warrants out?" Druscovich said "Yes, we have got three out to-day." I said "Who granted them?" He said "Mr. Knox who said 'Don't be particular whom you bring before me.'"' Druscovich said "I suppose you will go to America now?" I said "No." Druscovich then said "I must arrest somebody over this job." I said "Arrest me if you like," and he said "I think I will." He said also "You have not been seen at any of the places, have you?" and I said "No." He said "You be at Fleet Street at one o'clock, coming out of the Albert Club, and I will bring Clarke and arrest you." I said "I cannot wait about Fleet Street all day, I have got to attend to changing my notes; come to my office at 9 o'clock, and arrest me there." . . . As a matter of fact I had never been to the offices of the counterfeit bookmakers or to Rheinhardt's, so that I could not have been identified at any of those places.'

A week later Kurr was in possession of gold. He had changed some notes, and had cashed a draft of the British Linen Co. for £300, which Benson had obtained at Glasgow. He stated in evidence that he saw Clarke at his house in College Street, Westminster, and there paid him £150 in gold. He also gave Meiklejohn a cigar box with £200 in it in gold to give to Druscovich. After this the swindlers were at ease, and so safe did they consider themselves that Meiklejohn on October 18 took his payment of £500 in five of the Clydesdale notes, and a few days later changed two of those notes, one at

Leeds, where he gave his own name and address, and one at Manchester, where he gave the name of J. Turner.

Nothing important happened until Friday, November 10. On that morning some information came to Scotland Yard from the Isle of Wight which caused Superintendent Williamson to instruct Druscovich to go to Shanklin. In the afternoon some further particulars came in, and his destination was altered to the Bridge of Allan.

Clarke and Palmer were members of a Masonic Lodge which met at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, that afternoon at half-past four. At nine minutes past three a telegram was handed in at the telegraph office, West Strand, by someone who refused to give any address but 'London':

'From W. Brown, London, to W. Giffard, Queen's Hotel, Bridge of Allan. If Shanks is at the Isle of Wight let him leave at once and see you. A letter follows.'

After six o'clock a telegram was handed in at the office in Fleet Street:

'From W. Brown to W. Giffard, Queen's Hotel, Bridge of Allan; D. is coming down to-night. Get Shanks out of the way.'

These were the telegrams mentioned on a previous page, which broke up the pleasant dinner-party at the Bridge of Allan. The former of these two telegrams was written by Palmer; and the promised letter, which was delivered at the Bridge of Allan after the swindlers had left, and which contained further information and advice, was also in Palmer's handwriting.

When these telegrams and others reached the Queen's Hotel, Benson and his valet went off to Derby on their way to Dublin, and Kurr took a characteristically bold step. He sent a telegram to the police station at Edinburgh addressed to Druscovich, purporting to come from Meiklejohn, appointing a meeting for ten o'clock on the Saturday morning at the end of Princes Street by the Caledonian Station; and Druscovich, who had travelled from London by the night train, called at the police station, received the telegram, and kept the appointment. There Kurr offered him £1000 not to go to the Bridge of Allan, but he said he must go.

It was not however until between three and four in the afternoon that he made his appearance at the Queen's Hotel. He asked if a gentleman of the name of Cottar was staying in the house. He was

told no, and that the names of all the visitors were in the book. The names of Yonge and Giffard were in fact entered in the book which was lying open, but Druscovich did not look at it, and said there was no use in doing so, and went away. Had he made further inquiry he would not only have learnt that Benson and Kurr had been staying there, and had left hurriedly the night before, but he would have obtained two envelopes addressed to Giffard which had been delivered by post that morning. One was a letter in Palmer's handwriting, but signed 'Brown'—the letter mentioned in the telegram—saying that information had come in from Edinburgh and from the Isle of Wight, and that 'things begin to look fishy.' The other was an envelope addressed in Kurr's own handwriting, and containing a piece of blotting-paper on which was written in capital letters 'Get the lame man out of the way at once.' Kurr's explanation of this, when he gave evidence, was that in September, when he gave Clarke £50, he gave him also some envelopes addressed to himself in which any communication might be sent.

The movements of the fugitives after this date have already been related. Murray was sent to Scotland with cheques drawn by Kurr and Benson to try and withdraw the money which had been left in the banks there, but he was arrested on November 27; and then Kurr consulted Mr. Froggatt, a solicitor, whom he had not previously known. When the news came that Benson, Frederick Kurr, and Bale had been arrested at Rotterdam, Kurr suggested sending a forged telegram to the police there. Froggatt said it was a good idea, and wrote out the telegram, making no attempt to disguise his handwriting.

It will have been seen from this narrative that the evidence against Palmer and Froggatt, like that against Meiklejohn and Druscovich, was quite conclusive.

In Clarke's case there was room for doubt, and my task in defending him was very interesting, but not very easy. If the evidence of Kurr and Benson were accepted the proof of guilt was of course complete; and the great strength of that evidence, as Sir John Holker pointed out, lay in the fact that their statements to the Treasury solicitor, afterwards repeated in the witness-box, were given separately, without any opportunity of communication, or of either of them learning what the other had said, were in complete agreement, and that in the long and detailed narrative, full of details, and of dates, scarcely any inconsistencies could be detected.

Again it seemed scarcely possible to believe that during three months, while Meiklejohn and Druscovich and Palmer were doing

their parts in a conspiracy to prevent the arrest of Benson and Kurr, the chief inspector at Scotland Yard, who had himself twice been to the Isle of Wight to see Benson, and knew that he was in some way associated with betting frauds, should have failed to suspect that his immediate subordinates were responsible for the strange delays which were hindering the course of justice.

The evidence of the convicted criminals again was not wholly uncorroborated.

William Pickard, who had been in Benson's service as valet from June 1875 to Christmas 1875, said that besides seeing Inspector Clarke upon two visits by him to Shanklin, he saw him visit Benson at the Westminster Palace Hotel and the Langham Hotel; and that on another occasion he went with Benson to Clarke's house, and that Clarke came out and was talking to Benson for twenty minutes. (Kurr and Benson had said that Clarke had come to see Benson at the Langham Hotel in September 1875; that it was then arranged that Kurr should see Clarke and give up the 1874 letter, and that the warrant out against Kurr should not be executed; and that Kurr was in the next room and partly overheard the conversation.)

Mr. H. R. Clarke, the principal of the Shanklin College, Isle of Wight, gave a curious little bit of evidence. He was the owner of Rose Bank, which he had let to Benson. In August 1876, at Benson's request, he went to the house and took possession of all the letters he found there. From these he selected the letters and telegrams sent by Clarke, which have been set out on a former page, and put them in a packet, and as directed by Benson sent them by post to 324 Essex Road, Islington. But he made a mistake in the name, and addressed them to 'Watson' instead of 'Hawkins.' They were returned to the Dead Letter Office, and remained there until after Benson had been convicted and had given information to the Treasury. All the other letters at Rose Bank were destroyed.

John Porter, a cabman, said that in the autumn of 1876 he drove Kurr from Marquess Road, Canonbury, to the corner of Great College Street, set him down there, and waited for him about half an hour; and that about a fortnight later he again drove him to the same place, waited for him half an hour or three-quarters of an hour, and then drove him back to the Marquess Road. (Kurr had stated that he went to Clarke's house in October 1876 and paid him £150 in gold.)

But perhaps the most difficult evidence to deal with was that of Mrs. Avis. She was a respectable woman about sixty years of age, with whom Benson had lodged in 1873 and 1874, and who was

housekeeper at Rose Bank in 1875. Benson in his evidence had said :

' I got Mrs. Avis to copy my letters to Clarke, or some of them, because I did not wish that any of my handwriting should fall into his hands. Some of the letters she copied were written between April 13 and July 5, 1875. I was last at Shanklin on June 27, 1876. I was not aware at the time that Mrs. Avis kept copies of my letters. I first knew of that at the police court, when the drafts were placed in my hands.'

Mrs. Avis now gave the following evidence :

' Benson on several occasions asked me to copy some letters for him. I kept some of the drafts. Some of them I destroyed—of the last four I wrote I kept the drafts. The first drafts I copied I burnt—perhaps four or five of them. (Drafts produced and handed to witness.) These are the ones I kept. I posted some of them myself, to "George Clarke, Esq., 20 Great College Street, Westminster." Benson gave me the address. I have the paper here myself. . . . I never copied any other letters for him than those I have stated. . . . He always examined the copies I made before they were sent out. I handed them to him with the draft to examine. He always handed me the letters back to put in the envelopes. . . . When I went from Rose Bank those four drafts were the only ones I took with me. . . . I went to see Benson in Newgate several times. The papers remained in my hands till May 25 (1877), when I gave them to Mr. Pollard at the Treasury—I mean the letters.'

The four documents of which this account was given were these—all of them being in Benson's handwriting :

' (June 15.) MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—We exchanged promises at our last interview. Yours was that you would give me an early opportunity of proving my friendship, mine that I would show you how kindly I feel towards you, and how anxious I am to pay my debt to you. I have also news of great importance to communicate to you about the letter you know of. I will show you how thoroughly you can trust me. Will you therefore oblige me by coming down as soon as possible, Thursday or Friday. By leaving Waterloo at 3 P.M. you can return next morning in time to be in your office by 10. A line from you in return, announcing your visit as requested, will oblige,

' Yours sincerely,

' G. H. Y.'

'If you do not like to write, merely let me know what time I may expect you, as it is urgent I should see you before Saturday.'

'(June 17.) MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind letter, but I write to ask you to come down this week, firstly, because I am anxious to pay my debt to Mrs. Clarke; secondly, because I know you will be satisfied with some information I am able to give you about "the letter." I think I shall be able to set your mind at rest upon that matter. You want a change—take it here. If you accept my hospitality I shall be only too happy to make you welcome here.'

'(June 20.) I expect you on Tuesday and reserve all particulars until then. The best train you can take is one leaving Waterloo 2.10 P.M. If you wish to do so you can return to London the same evening. Hope to have the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday certain.

Yours sincerely,

'G. H. Y.'

'DEAR FRIEND,—According to promise I write you a few lines to warn you not to trust either of the two men, whose names are Mitchell and Wood. I am given to understand they are both creatures of Walters, and would very much like to compromise you. They know nothing about you except what that lying villain has told them, and in the event of their trying to approach you, you can tell them without fear that if they dare propose anything to you, you will have them arrested. The letter you wrote to Walters is not in their hands but in the hands of F. K. and it is as safe in his custody as in yours. When all the affair is blown over he will restore the letter, and I well know he will be happy to give you satisfaction. It is quite possible that in a day or two I shall have to come to London, and I hope you will appoint a place where to see you, unknown to any one: I shall then have pleasure in acquitting myself of the balance due to you. Please return this letter to me. If you wish to ask any questions, pray do so without fear, as I am pledged to answer them, and return your letter by the next post.'

To appreciate the importance of this evidence it is necessary to compare the drafts dated June 15 and 17 with the letters which have already been quoted, and which were unquestionably written and sent by Clarke to Benson on the 16th and 18th of that month.

There was another portion of the evidence which bore heavily against my client. In the correspondence between the confederates, especially between Kurr and Meiklejohn, Inspector Clarke was

frequently mentioned as 'C,' 'the Chieftain,' 'the old man,' and 'the old man of the Duke of York's column.' No statement in that correspondence directly implicated Clarke, nor would it have been evidence against him if it had, but it was clear that, rightly or wrongly, the conspirators believed that they had nothing to fear from the Chief Inspector of the Detective Police.

It will be realised that my task in defending my client was a very difficult one. It would indeed, in my opinion, have been practically impossible to obtain an acquittal if at that time the law had permitted accused persons to be called as witnesses. The strange rule which then prevailed by which neither a prisoner nor his wife was a competent witness, a rule which was the worst example of judge-made law which I have ever known, often operated cruelly against an innocent person, but in nine cases out of ten it was of advantage to the guilty. The change in the law which has very properly been made has seriously reduced the opportunities of the advocate. A brilliant speech before the prisoner is called is dangerous; when the prisoner has been called it is often impossible.

My cross-examination in the Detective case was careful but by no means long. It is a very useful general rule that you should not cross-examine when you cannot contradict. By provoking a repetition of the story you fix it on the minds of the jury, and you run the risk of the mention of some fresh detail which may be a strong, perhaps a conclusive, evidence of its truth.

So I cross-examined William Kurr and Mrs. Avis very briefly, although even then one incautious question to Mrs. Avis did me some mischief.

Harry Benson required special treatment. My chief object was to show him at his best; as the polished and educated man who was capable of deceiving and outwitting even a trained inspector of police. He looked little like that when my turn came to cross-examine him. He was ill; it was the afternoon of his third day in the witness-box; and all that morning he had been cross-examined with just severity, but with some roughness, by Montagu Williams.

As he sat in the chair put for him in the witness-box, in the ugly convict's clothes, hair cropped, face worn with illness and fatigue, he was a pitiful object. My first words brought a change. 'Now, Mr. Benson, I have a few questions to ask you.' It was the first time for months that he had been spoken to in any tone of courtesy. His face lit up, he rose to his feet, bowed in acknowledg-

ment, and stood with an air of deference, waiting to reply. Then I asked him about his education, his musical accomplishments, his friends in society at the Isle of Wight, and the appointments of his pleasant home at Shanklin ; and before the friendly conversation had lasted ten minutes, I felt that my object had been attained.

The refinement and even distinction of manner, which had imposed upon Sir Thomas Dakin and Mr. Alfred Rothschild, again became perceptible, and while it did not influence the jury to believe his evidence, it made them think it possible that even Inspector Clarke might have been deceived.

There was another witness who needed very careful cross-examination. Superintendent Williamson was called to produce reports which had from time to time been made by the accused officers, and to prove the handwriting of some of the documents. He also produced the envelope addressed to Giffard, Bridge of Allan, in Kurr's handwriting, which had been posted in London on November 10, and contained the piece of blotting-paper with the printed characters.

Now Mr. Williamson had been associated with Inspector Clarke in the detective work at Scotland Yard for many years ; had found him a most valuable assistant ; had treated him with entire confidence ; and, until the occurrence of the strange difficulties and delays in the arrest of Benson and Kurr, had never seen cause to doubt his fidelity. I was informed that he still had some friendly feeling towards his old colleague, and that he would not be sorry if his evidence were to assist me in my defence. But he was a man of the strictest honour, and every question would certainly be truly answered, whatever the effect of the answer might be. My task therefore was so to frame my questions that each should bring a reply in my client's favour, without provoking any qualifying phrase which would indicate the opinion of the witness on the case actually before the jury. On that task I spent many hours. I prepared questions and answers as if I were studying a chess problem, seeing how far it would be possible to follow up and emphasise with safety the favourable answers which I knew some of my questions must receive. My labour was well rewarded, and Superintendent Williamson's evidence did much to help me to success.

The first week of the trial—the opening speech of Sir John Holker and the evidence of Kurr and Benson—was very interesting. The second and third weeks, with the long procession of witnesses

to prove the details of the story, were very dull, and then came the final speeches.

My colleagues did valiantly all that could be done for their clients, but their only chance of escaping conviction lay in the possibility that one or two members of the jury, who of course went to their homes every night, might be corrupted, and induced to refuse to agree to a verdict of guilty. The authorities were somewhat uneasy about this, and upon some jurymen who lived in the East end of London a careful watch was kept.

My speech for Clarke was the most elaborately prepared of all my forensic speeches. I had three weeks for its preparation, and plenty of time for drafting it while unimportant witnesses were being examined.

I have no room for quotation, and the speech if read at all should be read as a whole. Then the purpose of its arrangement will be seen. My scheme was to throw all my strength into an exordium which might make the jury feel that such an accusation made against a man of stainless reputation and long-continued public service was really incredible. Then, when I came to deal, discreetly and not in too great detail, with the serious evidence against him, each of the twelve minds which it was my duty to influence would be predisposed, and even eager, to reject or explain away, or wholly to ignore, facts which were inconsistent with the conclusion at which it had already, if unconsciously, arrived. The peroration was intended to sweep away any lingering doubts by the confidence of its rhetorical appeal for an acquittal.

By far the larger part of the Attorney-General's reply was devoted to the case against Clarke. While he was speaking Sir Hardinge Giffard came in and sat beside me. Presently he said to me, 'He is putting in some pretty heavy shot.' 'Yes,' said I, 'he is, but I think I have made a Plevna of my own.' Europe was then ringing with the story of the magnificent defence which has been a warning to the world ever since of the formidable fighting power of the Turk.

My illustration was accurate. After the trial I was told by one of the jury, either Mr. Wertheimer, the foreman, or Mr. Godfrey Pearse, that at the end of my speech the jury practically agreed that Clarke must be acquitted, and did not pay very great attention to Sir John Holker's subsequent examination of the evidence. There was a model summing up by the Judge, clear, complete, but not over-elaborate, and quite impartial, and then, after fifty

minutes' consideration, which, I believe, was entirely concerned with the question which, if any, of the prisoners should be recommended to mercy, they gave their verdict of 'Guilty' against Meiklejohn, Druscovich, Palmer, and Froggatt, and, amid cheering in the Court and in the street, found Clarke 'Not Guilty.'

Druscovich and Palmer were recommended to mercy, but Baron Pollock said that the highest sentence he had power to pass was quite inadequate as punishment for so grave an offence, and sentenced them all to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

Inspector Clarke was at once retired from the detective service upon a substantial pension.

The convicts who had given evidence were soon afterwards released, and I know nothing of their subsequent history, except that Benson was some years later convicted of fraud in New York, and imprisoned in the Sing Sing gaol. One day he flung himself over the balustrade of the well staircase of the prison, and was killed by the fall.

Palmer was more sinned against than sinning. He knew nothing of Kurr or Benson, and had received no bribe from anyone. He had been persuaded by someone more astute than himself to write the telegram and letter whose production convicted him, and in loyalty to his fellow prisoners he kept silence. After his term of imprisonment had expired he was allowed by the Surrey magistrates, partly at my instance, to become the holder of a public-house licence, and I believe did well.

The result to me of the two cases tried in July and October 1877, the Penge case and the Detective case, was that my income, which had steadily increased to £3000 a year, now suddenly rose to £5000, and continued its progress from that higher level.

A GREAT SOLDIER ON HIS BATTLES.

BY DR. W. H. FITCHETT.

II.

WELLINGTON always protested that any account of Waterloo other than that he had written must necessarily be inadequate and misleading. Who could translate into literary terms the shock of contending armies, the thunder and tumult of a great battle? And Waterloo, in particular, he held, was incapable of description; he solemnly warned off all intending historians from this one theme. 'The people of England,' he admitted, 'may be entitled to a detailed and accurate account of the Battle of Waterloo; and I,' he said, 'have no objection to their having it, but I do object to their being misinformed and misled.' He declared: 'I am really disgusted with, and ashamed of all that I have seen written of the Battle of Waterloo;' and he added that, 'after reading sundry accounts of it, he was 'almost tempted to believe that he was not there himself'!

If any living writer could have told the story of the great fight, Walter Scott was the man, and he wrote to Wellington asking for certain information. 'The object which you propose to yourself,' said the Duke in reply, 'is very difficult of attainment, and, if attained, is not a little invidious. . . . The faults or the misbehaviour of some give occasion for the distinction of others, and perhaps were the cause of material losses. You cannot write the true history of a battle without including the faults and misbehaviour of part at least of those engaged.' That, of course, is quite true, for history must be accurate. 'Believe me,' added the Duke, 'that every man you see in a military uniform is not a hero.' That also is, no doubt, true; for a coat, no matter what its colour, does not change the character of its wearer. But Wellington went on to say: 'It is better for the general interests to leave those parts of the story untold than to tell the whole truth.' Now that is strange doctrine from one who won from Tennyson the fine line:

'Truth-teller was our English Duke.'

'I recommend you,' the Duke wrote again, 'to leave the Battle of Waterloo as it is'—that is, as Wellington himself wrote it.

Wellington's own recollections of Waterloo grew, it is to be noted, curiously vague. Twenty years after the battle, on examining Siborne's model of Waterloo, now in the United Service Institution, he confessed, 'It is very difficult for me to judge of the particular position of each body of troops under my command at any particular hour.' 'There is one event noted in the world, the Battle of Waterloo,' he said to Stanhope, 'and you will not find any two people to agree as to the exact hour it commenced.' But the Duke himself seems scarcely to have known. In his official despatch he writes, it was 'about ten o'clock'; in his letter to Walter Scott he says it began 'at eleven o'clock.' Questions as to details of the battle, however, left him impatient. 'Surely,' he said, 'the details of the battle might be left to the original official reports; historians and commentators are unnecessary.' But 'historians and commentators' have their use, and much ink has been shed, and will yet be shed, on the Battle of Waterloo.

Now Wellington himself, it must be remembered, had to translate his last and greatest fight into literary terms, and his despatch justifies nearly all the criticisms its author was accustomed to discharge at the descriptions of Waterloo other people wrote. The famous despatch is certainly a literary failure. The accent of a tired mind is in every syllable. It lacks perspective. All the events, somehow, seem to be of the same size. Even more fatally it lacks proportion. It has no sense of the relative importance of the facts related, and as much space is given to irrelevant trifles as to the great critical stages of the battle. It utterly fails, in a word, to give to its reader any clear mental picture of the battle it describes.

Wellington had fought many battles, and had written many despatches describing them, and a certain family likeness runs through all these documents. He had, whether consciously or unconsciously, a rigid mental formula for his despatches: they are all constructed on the same pattern. They are made up of generalities. Their chief feature is a recital of all the principal officers under Wellington's command, in the order of their rank, and to each name or group of names is attached a conventional phrase of approval. But they too often fail to give a terse and lucid description of how the battle was fought, of what was its tactical plan, and its exact results. Wellington, as his correspondence proves, could write in short-worded and incisive English which Defoe or Swift might have envied; but there is, as a general rule,

no trace of this in the official despatches in which he describes his battles; and all this is, in a special degree, true of that he wrote on the morning after Waterloo. If he had no clearer vision of the great battle when he fought it, than he had when he described it, the wonder is that Waterloo was not one of the biggest defeats in history.

The Duke, it may be added, entertained—and quite justly—a very high opinion of his own Despatches generally. 'I don't know,' he told Ellesmere, 'when I have been more entertained than by the perusal of my own letters. There is a freshness, activity, and energy about them which is quite amusing; and I am astonished to find that I could not write better sense now, after all my experience, than I did then.' Lord Brougham said to Gurwood, the editor of the Despatches, 'You have published a book which will live when we are in the dust and forgotten.' This was reported to the Duke, who said, 'Very true, so it will.'¹ And so, it may be added, it has been; but the Waterloo despatch is certainly not to be described as a bit of immortal literature.

If we turn to the despatch itself, as found in vol. viii. of his Despatches, it is dated 'Waterloo, June 19, 1815'; but in the original document itself this heading is crossed out, and 'Brussels, June 19,' is substituted. Wellington had written the opening paragraphs at Waterloo, when he was called away to the bedside of his aide-de-camp, Gordon, who was dying; he then mounted his horse and rode to Brussels, where he completed his account of the battle. One-third of the despatch describes the opening events of the campaign, the concentration and fighting at Quatre Bras, the retreat to Waterloo. The last third consists of a formal recital of Wellington's senior officers, with a drop of civil and chilly approval attached to each name. 'The division of Guards under Lieut.-General Cooke,' we are told, 'set an example which was followed by all; and there is no officer nor description of troops that did not behave well'—a general statement that certainly needs qualification; or what are we to make of that regiment of Cumberland Hussars who refused to charge, left the field, and rode at gallop through Brussels, declaring the battle to be lost?

Next is a long list of major-generals, who are declared to have 'merited your Royal Highness' approbation.' 'The artillery and engineer departments,' says the Duke, 'were conducted much to my satisfaction by Colonel Sir G. Wood and Colonel Smyth.' 'General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself

¹ Ellesmere, p. 140.

much to my satisfaction'; what were Wellington's actual feelings about the Nassau regiments themselves he omits to state. He adds that 'General Tripp, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, also conducted himself to my satisfaction,' and General Tripp himself must have been the most astonished man in the Allied forces to learn this. 'General Pozzo di Borgo,' the distressed world is informed, 'received a contusion.' 'I would not do justice to my own feelings,' the Duke concludes, 'if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from Marshal Blücher and the Prussian army. . . . I send with this despatch three eagles, taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of His Royal Highness. I beg leave to recommend him to your Lordship's protection.'

The actual story of the battle forms about a third of the despatch, and runs as follows :

'The position which I took up in front of Waterloo crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, we occupied the house and gardens of Hougomont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blücher at Wavre through Ohain; and the Marshal had promised me that, in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

'The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the 3rd corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blücher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning, and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougomont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from Gen. Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, and afterwards of Col. Home; and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

'This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry, occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one

of these the enemy carried the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the German Legion, which occupied it, had expended all its ammunition; and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

'The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry, but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful; and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and 1st Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

'These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre, near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and, having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of Gen. Bülow's corps by Frischermont, upon Planchenois and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blücher had joined in person with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his positions on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands.

'I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blücher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning that he had taken 60 pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c., belonging to Buonaparte, in Genappe.

'I proposed to move this morning upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.'

Now the story of the battle as here told is all conventional, chilly, with no sense of perspective, no clear vision, no touch of reality. Let the reader remember how much the despatch omits. There is no reference to the first great infantry attack led by Ney and D'Erlon, defeated by Picton's men—20,000 infantry, that is, defeated by 300—and ridden down, and rent into fragments, by

those fierce-riding swordsmen—the Life Guards, the Dragoons, the Royals, the Greys, the Inniskillings. It does not give in perspective, and as showing its place in the great fight, the long duel betwixt the French cavalry, and the nine great squares, or oblongs, into which Wellington threw his infantry, and upon which, at first, 5000—later, 12,000—fierce horsemen flung themselves. Again, again, and yet again that huge mass of the most gallant horsemen in the world, led by Ney and Kellerman, flung themselves on the British and German infantry, many of them lads fresh from the militia, and flung themselves in vain. It was as Wellington watched the undestroyed oblongs, that shrank in bulk but kept their form, and their steady roll of musketry volleys, there broke from his closed lips the cry, 'By G——! Adams, I think we shall beat them yet.' It states incorrectly as to time and cause the capture of La Haye Sainte, the third feature of the great battle, and fails to make clear the attack of the Old Guard, and Colborne's fierce stroke at its flank, which were its climax and end.

That movement of Colborne's is one of the most picturesque and decisive features of the battle. Out of the smoke, it will be remembered, the 52nd came wheeling into line. Hill, who had seen many battles, declared it to be one of the most beautiful advances he had ever seen. It changed the whole physiognomy of the battle; it arrested, bent, struck into sudden wreck, the second column of the Old Guard, and it did it in sight of both watching armies. Wellington saw, with a great soldier's eye, the critical moment; he shut with a snap his telescope. 'Now,' he said, 'every man must advance,' and pushed through the smoke to the edge of the low ridge, lifted his hat, and pointed forward. There was no spoken order, no galloping of busy aides—that inspired gesture was sufficient. Every battered square, every shot-torn battalion, saw the signal—some warlike instinct told them what it meant—broke into exultant shouts, as its meaning was grasped, and in a moment the whole long-tormented, ragged front of the British army straightened itself, and was pushing forward over the ridge. They had stood to be shot at for hours amid the strangling smoke—now the moment had come for pushing forward.

One of the most gallant actors in that wild scene, Kincaid, tells how for hours he could see nothing before him but a wall of smoke torn with flashes of red flame; on every side lay the bodies of slain men and horses. Then, through the smoke, and drowning

the sound of the muskets, came the sound of a cheer, and by a sudden impulse the regiment to which Kincaid belonged pushed forward. Breaking out of the obscuring smoke, the whole landscape of the battle lay before them in the light of the setting sun; the French were flying in a broken mass, with the British lines sweeping in pursuit. But who can get a hint of this from the despatch?

There are, it may be added, some errors of simple fact in the despatch, and one, at least, which is not easily forgiven. The French, Wellington says, 'carried the farm-house of La Haye Sainte as the detachment of the light battalion of the German Legion, which occupied it, had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.' Wellington repeated that statement obstinately year by year, telling Stanhope, for example, that 'it was captured at two o'clock through the negligence of the officer who commanded that post.' 'The capture,' Wellington said again, 'was due to the fact that there was no door in the wall nearest the ridge,' and apparently the 'negligence of the officer who commanded that post' was responsible for the absence of that invaluable door.

Wellington's 'two o'clock,' given as the hour of the capture, is certainly wrong. The French claim to have carried La Haye Sainte at four o'clock; Baring declares he held it till six o'clock, and there is much evidence to sustain him. But that there *was* a door in the wall nearest the ridge, Shaw Kennedy proves in the careful plan he drew of the buildings; and Wellington blamed the 'negligence' of Baring, who so gallantly held La Haye Sainte, for the absence of a door which was *not* absent. The failure of ammunition in La Haye Sainte was due to the exhaustion in the field-depots of the particular cartridge used by the German rifles. Sir Richard Hennagan, as head of the field-train department in the Waterloo campaign, is the final witness in this matter. 'Towards the close of the day,' he says, 'the last round of this particular species of ammunition was used, and no more could be sent to us.'¹

The real vice of the Waterloo despatch, however, is its symmetrical and sustained inadequacy. Let anyone try to reproduce from Wellington's description of it, and he will realise the helpless insufficiency of his despatch. Nobody can pretend that one of the greatest of the decisive battles of history is to be seen, or guessed, through its cold and scanty syllables. It succeeds in making one of the greatest battles in history commonplace. Yet Wellington

¹ *Seven Years' Campaigning*, vol. ii. p. 321.

stubbornly refused to mend his despatch, or to admit that it lacked anything. All writers were solemnly warned off that battle on the ground that they really could not improve, and might distort, the one sufficient account of it given in Wellington's despatch. It was to Walter Scott, Wellington wrote, 'Remember, I recommend you to leave Waterloo alone.'

But the ink on his own despatch was not yet dry when Wellington, looking through the window of his room in Brussels, sees Creevey, beckons him with uplifted finger, and then walks to and fro telling him the story of the fight. He is remembering now! He sees the human side of the struggle: the Guards holding Hougoumont, with the flaming roof over their heads; the thin, red lines of infantry, on which for so many hours such a tempest of war is beating; the stubborn red and blue oblongs of his infantry—little human islets set in a sea of battle, contracting every moment, yet keeping their form, and covering their front with the smoke and flame of their steady volleys, in spite of the furious rush, thirteen times repeated, of Ney's fierce cavalry. And as Wellington talked, his imagination kindled. 'He broke out,' says Creevey, 'into a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy.'

Here is the account of that talk Creevey gives; it bears the stamp of truth, though it is probable that Creevey himself supplied the unnecessary 'damns' and other profane expletives with which the story is adorned:

'I met Lord Arthur Hill in the anteroom below, who, after shaking hands and congratulation, told me I could not go up to the Duke, as he was then occupied in writing his despatch; but as I had been invited, I, of course, proceeded. The first thing I did was to put out my hand and congratulate him (the Duke) upon his victory.

"It has been a damned serious business," he said. "Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. Blücher lost 14,000 on Friday night, and got so damnably licked I could not find him on Saturday morning; so I was obliged to fall back to keep up (regain) my communications with him." Then, as he walked about, he praised greatly those Guards who kept the farm (meaning Hougoumont) against the repeated attacks of the French; and then he praised all our troops, uttering repeated expressions of astonishment at our men's courage. He repeated so often its being "so nice a thing"—"so nearly run a thing"—that I asked him if the French

had fought better than he had ever seen them do before. "No," he said, "they have always fought the same since I first saw them at Vimiera." Then he said "By God! I don't think it would have been done if I had not been there."

'There was nothing like vanity in the observation in the way he made it. I considered it only as meaning that the battle was so hardly and equally fought that nothing but confidence of our army in himself as their general could have brought them through.'¹

Who would not give up the chilly, constrained, inadequate despatch Wellington wrote, for that brief, human story as told by him, in his blunt, short-worded English to Creevey? Writing long afterwards, Creevey says: 'Now that seven years have elapsed since that battle, and though the Duke—very foolishly in my opinion—has become a politician . . . yet I think of his conduct, and of his whole conversation on the 19th—the day after the battle—exactly the same as I did then—that nothing could do a conqueror more honour than his gravity and seriousness at the loss of lives sustained, his admission of his great danger, and the justice he did his enemy.'

It must be remembered that Wellington had discussed the chances of the campaign with Creevey a fortnight before Waterloo was fought, as they walked and chatted together in the Park at Brussels.

"Will you let me ask you, Duke," said Creevey, "what you think you will make of it?" He stopt, and said in his most usual manner, "By God! I think Blücher and myself can do the thing." "Do you calculate," I asked, "upon any desertion in Buonaparte's army?" "Not upon a man," he said, "from the colonel to the private in a regiment—both inclusive. We may pick up a marshal or two, perhaps; but not worth a damn." "Do you reckon," I asked, "upon any support from the French king's troops at Alost?" "Oh," said he, "don't mention such fellows. No. I think Blücher and I can do the business." Then, seeing a private soldier of one of our infantry regiments enter the park, gaping about at the statues and images: "There," he said, pointing at the soldier, "it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it and I am sure."

Waterloo proved that Wellington *had*—mixed with other very inadequate material—enough of that very useful 'article,' the British private, to beat Napoleon. But Creevey was singularly fortunate in being able to discuss Waterloo with the great captain who won it, both before and after the battle itself was fought.

¹ *Creevey Papers*, p. 237.

For the British army itself, the despatch was not only a disappointment, but an irritant. 'Despatches,' said Colborne, who suffered most by Wellington's document, 'are written in haste, and it is impossible for a general to do justice to an army.' But the Waterloo despatch was not written in haste, and Wellington, though he often quarrelled with it himself, refused to mend it, or even to add to it. Its effect on the outside world was almost amusing. Mr. Quincy Adams, the American Minister at London, 'on first reading the despatch, declared,' says Stanhope, 'that it came from a defeated general, and that, in truth, the Duke's army must have been annihilated at Waterloo. This he seriously believed for some time.' The fact is, the Duke had committed the very fault which he was quick to see, and prompt to mend, in others. He told Stanhope, for example, that Beresford's account of Albuera was written in a despondent tone, but that 'when he [Wellington] read it, he said directly: "This won't do; write me down a victory." The despatch was altered accordingly; afterwards they grew very proud of the battle, and with full reason.'

The reaction after the strain of the battle, the depression caused by its dreadful cost in human life, put a darker tint into the ink in which Beresford wrote the Albuera despatch; and the Waterloo despatch, in the same way, undoubtedly, takes its colour from the mental reaction Wellington suffered after the strain of the great fight. There is, as we have said, a tired mind discoverable in every syllable. He told Lady Salisbury, in fact, that 'it was not till ten or twelve days afterwards' he began to realise the scale both of the battle, and of its consequences.

It is not the business of a despatch, of course, to be picturesque. It ought to be innocent of rhetoric. If it has to tell great things, it should tell them simply. In its grammar nouns come first, adjectives are an impertinence. But it ought to be lucid. It ought to have some sense of proportion, and set each fact in the true order of time, and in just perspective. It ought to reflect what may be called the physiognomy of the battle so accurately that he who reads it will have a true mental picture of what happened. Now it is impossible to say that these qualities are to be found in Wellington's despatch on Waterloo. It describes a great event, historic both in scale and in results, and it tells the story feebly and confusedly. It succeeds, as we have said, in making Waterloo itself commonplace. And yet it was written by the man who won Waterloo, and within a dozen hours of winning it!

REJECTED.

I'm fairly disjaskit, Christina,
 The warld an' its glories are toom,
 I'm laid like a stane whaur ye left me
 To greet wi' my heid i' the broom.

A' day has the lav'rock been singin'
 Up yont far awa' i' the blue;
 I thocht that his sang was sae bonnie,
 But it does'na seem bonnie the noo!

A' day has the cushie been courtin'
 His joe i' the boughs o' the ash,
 But gin Love was wheep'd frae the pairish
 It isna' mysel' that wad fash!

For losh! What a wark I've had wi' ye!
 At mairket, at Kirk an' at fair
 I've ne'er let anither lad near ye—
 An' what can a lassie need mair?

An' Oh! how I've socht ye an' followed
 Whauriver yer fitsteps was set:
 Gin ye pit but yer neb i' the gairden
 I was aye keekin' in at the yett!

Ye'll mind when ye sat at the windy
 Dressed oot in yer fine Sawbath black—
 Richt brawly ye ken't that I saw ye,
 But ye just slippit oot at the back!

Christina, 'twas shamefu'—aye was it!
Affrontin' a man like mysel',
I'm thinkin' ye're daft, for what ails ye
Is past comprehension to tell.

Gude stuff's na sae common, Christina,
An' whiles it's no easy to see;
Ye may tryst wi' the Laird or the Provost,
But ye'll na find the marrow o' me!

VIOLET JACOB.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR: AT ETON.

THE school year which is now drawing to a close will be marked in the annals of Eton by the absence of some public events. The summer half has flowed on without its great interruptions. The Fourth of June was remarkable only for the emptiness of field and street; the match at Lord's has been abandoned, and a single day's cricket at Winchester will be the final contest of the Eleven; the race at Henley has been reminiscent of the days of our grandfathers. And yet, within the circle of our private custom, in spite of the sudden withdrawal of the senior boys and the early ascendancy of their successors, how gently has the daily repetition of work and play softened the edges of last autumn's excitement!

For when I walk round the Playing-fields on a half-holiday, there is now an irony in the scene which cuts sharply at times through all other emotions and prompts the question: *Is this so? Is this the real life around me, and the war an evil dream?* What could be more peaceful to the eye and ear? The calm succession of overs, the punctual and leisurely crossing of the fieldsmen to and fro, the pleasant cries of triumph from the younger boys in distant games, the stillness of Nature through the warm afternoon, all these are what they have been year by year. Is this the great school in mourning for over three hundred of her sons? Two boys pass me in grave discussion, and I gather that someone's chances of his Upper Sixpenny are less than they were. A few minutes later some small friends engage me in talk. Apparently the result of one of the junior matches has been so unexpected as to throw all former calculations into confusion. Very soon I have forgotten all else myself, absorbed in the living enthusiasm of my young informants; and I know that this is the very soul of Eton, living unshaken and apart, gathering unconscious strength for battle in the fields of peace. On the river, too, and at Athens and Cuckoo Weir no evil thing has chilled the boys' delight or disturbed the paradise of their play. And there, too, the muscles are hardening, and there, too, are born the happiness and courage which may one day be stronger than death. Youth still pipes and sings, and the raging of nations does but suggest a fresh theme for his song. There may now be a keener interest in the development of aeroplane and submarine; but this is nothing but the intensifying of an instinct

implanted in all boys. And they may now gaze more delightedly at the illustrated papers because here their old curiosity is fed and the shock of armies is presented as a spectacle of chemical or mechanical skill.

We with older eyes scan the record of war's horrors and feel they may scarcely be mentioned in the presence of those who see only the glorious vision. Private losses may not wholly subdue our thoughts amid the imperious clamour of the public life of school. From bitter news at breakfast we pass into pupil-room to decide the trivial suits of the day, to deal with belated work and perhaps to display irritation over the repeated violation of a grammatical rule. For here, as out of doors, the energies of childhood are little disturbed by the rumours of war. The work has to be done expeditiously, and the stern fight for freedom is waged with pens and books. The Cæsar lesson may call forth a comical groan at the Hunnish behaviour of Ariovistus, or a modern military term may touch to brighter life the tactics of Xenophon, or Zeppelins may be strangely dressed in Latin verse. But such colouring of the work is only the fine dust carried over land and sea from some far volcano and falling in close or garden where no tremor has been felt. It has its counterpart in the short-lived chatter of protest after chapel against the hymn in which God has been invoked to bless 'the Fatherland.' Such incidental topics are springs of momentary laughter and interest, no more nor less than the rumoured invention by a science master of a bomb that is to end the war. Yet it is true that in school their occurrence makes many a dry spot green again. Our old friend the Chersonese has once more set the nations by the ears; ancient cities of Asia Minor stir in their sleep; and Beersheba, unready and half ashamed, blinks foolishly beneath a fresh blaze of admiration from the eyes of English boys. In the higher forms the revolution of the wheel of history secures a studious attention, and those who are about to leave are ready to talk gravely of England's past and future, and have recognised, in the great crisis of their life now at hand, the sovereign worth of character beyond all physical and intellectual endowments; but such speech as this is reserved for private conference; nothing during the year has left a happier impression than the total absence of blatant patriotism or foolish triumph. Even the increased work of the officers' training corps has been rendered as a matter of course; the half-holiday on Thursday lost its games so simply and quietly that there seemed to have been no change at all; masters who had retired returned,

and were at once the familiar figures in uniform ; and others, who had never thought to carry arms, stepped into the ranks, and were soon, as officers, filling the gaps caused by the absence of younger colleagues. For the staff is now without its youth, and a wider interval is left between man and boy, bridged perhaps with stronger sympathy and a closer sense of union, but none the less reminding us daily of what we owe to the livelier spirits of those who still see so clearly, the many features of boyhood which are more and more dimly discerned in middle age. And already there is inscribed on our roll of honour the name of a young tutor who had kindled many a flame by his enthusiasm and originality and promised to be a leader in education. His fierce ardour carried him to the front in the first hours of the war. He lives with us in the stories of his wonderful activity in the trenches and of his influence with his men ; and the tricolor, recaptured by him from the German lines, hangs proudly in the school library, the treasured trophy of his impetuous courage.

The boys who are shortly going to Sandhurst or to regiments in the new army have taken advantage of special instruction in signalling and other military sciences ; and, now that the army examination is over, two shifts go to work at the munitions factory at Slough. 'It will be rather fun,' they say ; and they would dislike nothing more than any attempt to advertise this offering of their time or to hear it belauded in the language of the cheap patriot. In the same natural spirit has been given the friendly kindness of all to the Belgian boys who have been domiciled in Eton. Their different dress and language and habits attracted some special attention at first, but have long since been accepted as normal features of the school. To these new-comers the liberty of English education at first seemed incredible. They have now drunk deep of its delights, have caught our manners and speech, and have rowed for long afternoons on our river ; and already their possible usefulness in the football sides of next half is matter for common discussion.

War may shake cities and empires, but at school the study of history has so firmly linked it with our traditional love of duty that the day's routine seems fitted to the times and more manly and decent than ever. There is no self-consciousness in its performance, but the lines of ordinary business come out more sharply. Everyone must do his best, though there is no need to change custom and law. School, chapel, drill, play—here is the hallowed alternation of

obedience and liberty, the loom on which has been woven the robe of noblest manhood. The many-coloured scene of *absence*, the din of bells at lock-up, the lists on the cricket notice-board and the scramble to see them, the lists of heats in Spottiswoode's window and the talk of best and worst station, the lessons learnt in the school library, the shouting for lower boys in the houses—all are the same. And on all of this is set the seal of sanction by old Etonians who return from the blood and smoke of battle, and win rest in the familiar scenes, and bless with outspoken joy 'for their brethren and companions' sake' the peace of their true home. 'This is all right,' they say; 'How splendid to find everything going on just the same!' And no one who has seen the light in their eyes, as they speak, could ever wish to bring across it even the smallest cloud of disappointment. 'What? No Harrow match? Why on earth not?' Then, after hearing the official explanation: 'Why, what *has* the war got to do with it?' Nothing can satisfy their wonder at this strangest thing of all. We who are leading our ordinary lives may sometimes be aware of a momentary doubt as to the feelings of these heroes when they come suddenly into the midst of our comforts and pleasures from the jaws of death. But they stride away, like Achilles in the asphodel meadow, delighted to hear that all is well, and they leave with us fresh courage and faith drawn from their presence.

The old Etonians are the messengers who pass to and fro between this world of happy dreams and the terrible realities which they have seen and heard. They are the living proof of the existence of war. But they bring with them no shadow or chill. Their radiant confidence would put to shame any pessimist if they found him here, though they talk quite simply of the facts and never minimise the gravity of the conflict. Many who were playing in the house matches last year have returned wounded, or on leave, the pride and admiration of their friends and the pattern to all alike of what all must now be, travellers along the only road to manhood. Even death is spoken of without reserve. It is the ordinary chance, the counted cost, the price willingly paid. Every day the boys still at school, as they pass into chapel, see the long roll of Etonians who have fallen, and the thought that shapes itself most distinctly is this: *We share their honour*. And those who have given their lives for us can wish for no brighter crown for their deeds than this piety inspired in their younger brothers. The angel of death comes not here in black shrouds to move terror and tears, but rather

as Milton's great seraph walking through Eden, mantled and zoned in regal ornament and 'colours dipt in heaven,' bringing word to man of the prowess of the warrior sons of God. With splendid pride does Eton honour the memory of her children, and she gives the stately answer to her comforters, *Idcirco genueram*. More humble are the prayers of boy and master on Wednesday evening, when an informal service is held in chapel; more nearly then do we know the worth of the lives which are in danger, and more anxious is our litany as we ask the Father to keep our loved ones in His care. Then it is that the boys think tenderly of fathers and brothers fighting, and of mothers and sisters working, and are brought face to face with the grave peril to their homes. But such thoughts are hidden in the inmost shrine of their hearts; though sometimes the smaller boys, after the receipt of good news, give vent to their glory. 'Sir! my father is called a colonel in the list of addresses, and he is really a brigadier-general!' 'Sir! my uncle and cousin have both got a D.S.O., and mother says another cousin ought to have had it.'

There are two sides to the picture; and at Eton the brighter side is seen. No one who lives here would wish to turn the colours to the wall. Buoyant against all depression the young life of England leaps to its ideals, and the fairest promise shines in the mirth and gaiety which attend the rush of boys from school even when the chapel bell tolls at noon. It is this joy which gives them the unquenchable spirit and lights their eyes with fearless honour in the day of battle. 'Children in play,' they are 'lions in fight,' and their inspiration is drawn in the royal garden of lilies where they lift up their hearts in the springtime of life.

A. B. RAMSAY.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR: AT HARROW.

WHEN Harrow broke up for the summer holiday of 1914—three days earlier than had been intended, owing to a plague of mumps—there was no sign which could be read as preluding a storm. Foreign ministers and ambassadors we know now were exchanging anxious notes, but this was below the surface. Had the term run to its natural end, the school would have read the news of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, on its various train-journeys—or would have skipped it to search for something more comprehensible to the boy mind. A week or so later we were at war. By the time the school bell rang again, the great retreat had run almost all its course and the German armies were pressing on Paris: and the school which had dispersed in what was seemingly profound peace gathered again in the throb and restless anxiety of the worst period of the war.

That took away one opportunity of seeing the impression made. Almost everyone had been away from the Hill: individually every boy had looked on at the outbreak, and watched the stir of preparation: on his return each had stories to tell of what he had seen, and tales—often, it must be said, wild ones—of what he had heard in his own neighbourhood. Yet, as a school and a corporate whole, Harrow did not experience, any more than any other English school, the sensation of 'going to war'; it came back to life under war conditions so acute, so swiftly changing, and so menacing that years seemed to have passed instead of eight weeks, and one wondered, as the train brought one back, whether Harrow could be the same. And on walking up the hill it was almost a shock to find no obvious change in the familiar surroundings.

For indeed busybodies had buzzed in our ears of many things 'A whole division of troops was quartered in Harrow—were encamped on the football field, and had cut down hundreds of trees; the houses would all be requisitioned for Red Cross hospitals; trenches were being dug and the hill fortified as part of the defences of London; troops were using all the school buildings; the school would probably not reassemble—could not possibly reassemble.' Such things flew wildly about till the Head Master wrote to *The*

Times to say that the school would assemble on the proper day; at which discharge the whole tribe of ducks flopped down dead, and the sky was cleared.

Post-mortem examination among these wild-fowl revealed some curious enterprises and perversions. There was the (self-appointed) organiser of hospitals who had been promised a variety of things ending up with '50 beds and one single sheet': there was the hasty clearing out of speech-room for troops (who never used it), and the provision of a hundred buckets to serve as washstands there (the buckets are now standing about houses filled with anti-Zeppelin sand, and one hopes they may never see fight in this capacity either); the fortifications never existed; and the 'hundreds of trees' turned out to be a most ingenious effort of misconstruction. Troops were using the footer field—that was true. It was true also that the philathletic field (on the other side of the hill) was being enlarged to give more space for cricket, and to do this it was necessary to remove the so-called 'Fifty' trees—trees planted by members of past elevens who have made a score of fifty or more in a school match to commemorate the exploit. Rumour supplied the rest. No. 1: 'I hear they have moved the "Fifty" trees; yes, and there are a lot of soldiers on the football field.' No. 2: 'Troops are in Harrow, and they've cut down fifty trees.' No. 3: 'The troops have cut down fifty trees—over fifty trees—nearly a hundred trees—hundreds of trees.' Still, among these imaginings, there was the fact that there had been a Division at Harrow, and its fortunes brought home the grim realities of war. It was the Fourth Division: it left Harrow suddenly on Saturday August 22, and its next appearance was recorded in Sir John French's first famous despatch, thus:

'The 4th Division commenced its detrainment at Le Cateau on Sunday the 23rd, and by the morning of the 25th eleven battalions and a brigade of artillery with divisional staff were available for service. I ordered General Snow to move out to take up a position with his right south of Solesmes, his left resting on the Cambrai-Le Cateau road. In this position the Division rendered great help to the effective retirement of the Second and First Corps to the new position.'

At Harrow on Saturday: on Tuesday and on Wednesday—'the most critical day of all,' as Sir John French called it—in the thick of the fighting: so swiftly does modern war move.

To this, then, the school returned—to take up again its familiar

round, and to consider how it stood. Outwardly, the change was not great. There was no rush into the corps, for the sufficient reason that before the outbreak of war 470 out of 500 boys were already in the corps: the remainder naturally came in, and the recruits for the time presented a strange mixture of the very new with the gleanings of the old. Of course the work of the corps increased and prospered with a new keenness. A good many places were indeed vacant; boys who normally would have had another year in front of them were now with the Colours; one familiar military figure had gone, since Captain Begouen de Meaux had been recalled to command the 8th Chasseurs; the gymnasium was deserted, its naval superintendent, Lieutenant Coote, and his staff of instructors, having all been requisitioned by the Navy; other masters, hitherto civilian, were now seen in khaki. There came a reminder of how short the country was of equipment when all our rifles were taken from us and we were left with a few carbines, later reinforced with wooden dummies—we still have them—and when ammunition even for the miniature range began to run dry. We went through the usual round of early excitements—maps gaily beflagged, charts of ships with the losses recorded on either side, bulletins posted upon novel notice-boards, homeless Belgians bewildered with school-boy French, and taken in, provided, and cared for with amazing efficiency; comforts for the troops, literature for the Fleet, collections and subscriptions, information and instruction—some of it pointed and seasonable, and some less conspicuously so—of such volume that few had much time to consider what they did think, since most of their time was taken up with listening to what they were told they ought to think. None of these things indeed were peculiar to boys at school: every newspaper is prepared to provide its readers with ready-made opinions. But what was private and personal was the ever-increasing weekly casualty list; each Sunday the words, 'The following old Harrovians have laid down their lives for their country, . . .' came like the toll of a bell. To some there would come back memories of old times, of games played and matches won, 'days in the distance enchanted'; but to most boys in the school these dead comrades were but names, heard in this solemn fashion for the first time—and the last. For life at school is short, and generations pass quickly—as they do outside, just now.

A further sense of the Great Comradeship, which spreads over the schoolfellows of every school that is worth the name, is stirred

by the records of what its old members have done and are doing. When the war broke out Harrovians could reflect that a good many sides of the nation's life, whether peaceful or warlike, were under Harrovian care. A Harrow man was Archbishop of Canterbury, another First Lord of the Admiralty, another Secretary of State for India, another Viceroy of India, another Governor of the Bank of England; and the peerage granted to Lord Cunliffe shows how valuable were his services there at the time of financial strain—and yet another, and this one the president of the Harrow Association, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, Commander of the Second Army Corps in the British Expeditionary Force. In July, Sir Horace had presided at the Triennial Dinner of the Association, and he had devoted his speech to urging on us the necessity of enlarging and strengthening our Army and to pressing on his old schoolfellows the privilege of serving either in the Regular forces or the Territorials. Neither he nor his audience realised then how close at hand was the day. But neither President nor his schoolfellows failed when the day came, as two facts out of many will show. The first is the opinion of Sir John French in his first despatch:

‘I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the army under my command on the morning of the 26th August could not have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operations.’

And the second is the fact that the number of Old Harrovians known to be serving or to have served with the Colours is 2087: there are doubtless many others we have not been able to trace, but let it stand at that. Remembering that there are only about 6000 living old Harrovians, of whom somewhere about a half are over military age and debarred from beginning service now; and recalling the number who are in civil Government employ, the proportion who have come forward to serve, the list of the high posts they have held, the distinctions they have won in the shape of V.C.s, D.S.O.s, D.C.M.s, Legion of Honour, and promotions for Field Service, may well make Harrow proud of her sons, alive and dead. For over a hundred and fifty have already won the highest honour of all: they have died for their country.

When one comes to the school itself, one may say briefly that it is going on steadily, cheerfully, and confidently making ready for the time when school is to end and service is to begin. There is scarcely a boy who has left since the war began who has not gone into His Majesty's forces in some shape or other—excepting those unhappy ones whom the doctor will not pass. Some of these have managed to bamboozle Medicus—but probably Medicus was a sportsman too. The rest wait—somewhat impatiently—the approach of eighteen. They look forward till the time comes to put their unofficial motto into action, to 'follow up.' Meantime they have willingly given of their money much, and of their free time much: two afternoons a week extra have been devoted to corps work without any remission of school, and it is hard work. Say what you may, the routine of drill and long route marches on hot dusty roads do become wearisome: failures mean fault-finding, and that is not pleasant either: firing imaginary blank cartridge out of a wooden rifle is apt to seem a child's play: on the other hand trench-digging in Harrow clay is not. It would be absurd to pretend that every one always enjoys these things. The point is that though they are not enjoyable and often not enjoyed they are done methodically and cheerfully. And after all it is a high sense of duty which carries boys or men faithfully through long dull training without weapons.

Perhaps to one who has seen it from inside, the most striking and satisfactory feature of all is the way in which the younger ones have filled the places which the elders left unexpectedly vacant. More than most people realise, Harrow is a collection of federal states: it is made up of a number of groups—the houses—each under the supreme authority of the school, yet in its own concerns autonomous, and living under the rule of its leading boys—its 'Sixth-Formers.' When the war came there was a sudden departure of leaders: not only leaders *in esse*, but leaders *in posse*, the boys each housemaster marks down in his mind 'for next year.' Authority and responsibility, the business of head of house, and captaining house elevens had to be passed down—in many cases to boys who when they went home in July never dreamed they would be in high place in September. Yet this sudden brief authority—for of course changes have been incessant—has been universally well used and, what was a far higher test of the mass, well respected. It is not altogether easy to put a new and untried boy into unexpected office, much less easy for him to rise to the place; and hardest

of all for those, recently his bear-fighting and irresponsible equals to remember he is no longer what he was, and that, as Bacon says, 'When he sits in place he is another man.' But that this capacity of rising to the occasion both in rulers and ruled, this spirit of continuing to govern itself in spite of difficulties by what E. E. B. once called 'glorified convention,' has been conspicuously shown, no one who has seen the working of Harrow in the past year will question. And for this we may add the words with which each Founders' Day we end our commemoration of *all* Benefactors to the school—'Let us give thanks.'

Of the dead this is no place to speak. Some have shone by exceptional deeds—such as Rhodes-Moorhouse and Walford. Of some there have come back pathetic and touching memories—as of Verner of the Shropshire Light Infantry, killed all alone in an advanced trench whence he had sent away his men as it was too dangerous for them, while he himself remained to give warning of any attack. His men begged for pennies from his money as a souvenir because 'he was the bravest man we ever saw, and we would have followed him anywhere.' Some treasured here as ideals of what boys should be—such as Arthur Lang and Geoffrey Hopley. Two more missing and it is feared dead, both of them adopted sons of the school and loyal servants of it, Ronald Lagden who, as he said, 'went out to play Rugby football with bayonets,' and Charles Werner of whom his commanding officer wrote: 'I have not seen his equal for untiring keenness'—but when one begins such a chronicle it is not possible to select with justice. Of some we know the story; of others we have no more than the record of a death in action—

'Here on the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
He rests unknown.'

but of all, wherever and in whatever form Death came to them, we are sure that they died well.

GEORGE TOWNSEND WARNER.

HUSHING IT UP.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

HENRY MARSDEN urged the fact that he lived at Esher : if he failed to catch the 6.5 from Waterloo his wife would demand explanations, and he had most deeply-rooted objections to, on any account, going outside the bounds of truth. James (next in order of seniority) was compelled to leave to attend a Masonic meeting. Charles Marsden had to get home to dress, then meet a lady at Euston, and take her out to dinner, before going on to the theatre.

'So if anyone inquires about Willie,' said Henry, glancing apprehensively at his watch, 'we must simply make the best explanation that occurs to us. Just probable no one will ask after the young scamp.'

'I'm all for doing something for my fellow creatures,' declared James, 'but his reckless behaviour has really put him outside the pale. The only point is what excuse——'

'Best plan will be,' bustled Charles, 'to say whatever occurs to us on the spur of the moment. If I stay another minute, I shall get into the most awful row, and my evening will be absolutely ruined. Good-bye, you two !'

Thus it happened that Mrs. Henry Marsden was informed her youngest brother-in-law had been shipped off to Canada ; men at a dinner at the Hôtel Cecil were told he had met with an accident in a game of cricket and would be an invalid, residing in the country for the rest of his life ; a lady took back to Pinner the news that the meal had been fair, the performance middling, and that poor Willie Marsden had jumped off a P. and O. boat somewhere near the coast of Portugal. Willie, himself, giving an account that included a greater element of truth, sent a postcard to his sister to the effect that his number was 16720, adding some information concerning his companions, and announcing, with excusable pride, that he was working as he had never worked before ; was being called by names that had not hitherto been applied to him ; he intended, nevertheless, to make the best of it. He begged Mary to give his love to Ethel Roberts, and to ask her forgiveness for any trouble he was causing. 'I would write direct, but I know her people would not allow her to receive a note from anyone occupying

my present position. How are the Three Musketeers taking it?' Mary Marsden sent a long letter in reply, and, answering the last question, said that she believed Henry and James and Charles were considerably annoyed. She did not add that Charles, who was looking for a house at Bushey, had told her Willie would have to be considered henceforth as a disgrace to the family; but for Charles's forethought and invention, the lady from Pinner might have seized upon the occurrence as excuse for breaking off the engagement.

'And then,' said Charles aggrievedly, 'then, where should I have been, Mary? Nice look-out for me, I must say!'

'Aren't you making too much fuss about the matter?'

'No,' he retorted; 'I'm making as little fuss as I can about it. The boy has acted with a perfect disregard for the feelings of his relatives, and if ever I have the ill fortune to meet him again, I shan't mince my words in telling him so. Here are we other Marsdens all getting on in the world, and keeping our heads above water, and Willie simply goes—Bah!' exclaimed Charles. 'I'm thoroughly disgusted with him. Don't want to hear his name mentioned. So long as I stay on here, it's my desire that he should not be referred to. Pass the toast, Mary, and understand that what I say I mean!' He helped himself to marmalade in a way intended to show that he was a man gifted with exceptional powers of resolution. Before leaving for the City he gave further evidence of this by announcing, in regard to another subject, that the German Emperor had better mind what he was about.

The three brothers, owing to respective positions in the world, were able to select their own times for holidays, and it happened that each bade a temporary farewell to business on dates near to the end of July. Henry took his wife for a trip through Normandy, crossing with the motor-car from Newhaven on the twenty-fifth, and making at once for Rouen. James, a free and independent bachelor, packed his kit-bag on the twenty-seventh, and mentioned to his partner at office that he intended to tramp about Switzerland, or perhaps Italy; possibly Austria. Charles, on the thirtieth (receiving orders from Pinner), went up the Rhine so far as Coblenz, where he was to await further instructions that depended on the vagaries of an aunt who paid fares, and claimed the right to select objectives. Mary Marsden, and her friend Ethel Roberts, took a modest trip to Slough, and thence by omnibus to Burnham Beeches, where they proposed to stay for three weeks; they returned on the

morning after war was declared, and took up work in connexion with the Red Cross Society.

The two girls were occupied one day towards the end of the month in their task of cutting out garments, and despatching them to centres to be made up by women in need of occupation and wages, when a companion threw a journal across from the adjoining table.

'Any relation, Miss Marsden?'

'Brother!' she replied proudly, after finding the name. Ethel Roberts dropped the scissors to look.

'Read what it says about him,' urged the other. 'He seems to be in my uncle's regiment. How is it he didn't get a commission?'

'Couldn't say, Lady Helen,' she answered.

'The extraordinary fact about you, dear,' said Ethel Roberts privately, 'is that you always tell the truth. Where is the reference to him? The print is all dancing in front of my eyes.' They agreed, after learning the notice by heart, that Private W. Marsden was simply splendid.

Two of the Marsdens—after experiences that made each disinclined to talk of any other subject—managed to get to their home. Henry, lurching at his City club on the first day after his return, gave at full length (some thought it excessive) an account of the way in which his car had been commandeered, and himself and his wife left stranded at Caudebec. Henry insisted upon furnishing every detail of the conversation, translating for the benefit of those unacquainted with the peculiar manner of speech adopted on the Continent.

"Monsieur," I said, "c'est impossible! (Sir, it is impossible!)" "Mais non!" he replied. (But no!) "C'est bien possible!" (It is well possible! Or rather, It is quite possible!) So I said to the officer: "Allez chercher votre commandant!" (Go and find or discover your superior!) And he replied with a flow of language that——

'Pardon me for interrupting, Marsden,' said a member opposite, 'but did you ever have a brother in the army?'

'Brother in the army?' snapped Henry. 'Certainly not! Preposterous idea! How in the world do these rumours get about? Let me finish the story I am telling you. After considerable hardships, my wife and myself reached Dieppe. I said to a gendarme: "Où est le bateau pour Newhaven?" (Where is the boat, or ship, or steamer, that makes the journey to Newhaven?) He answered:

"Monsieur, le dernier bateau est parti!" ("Sir, the last boat has gone!") You could have knocked me down with a feather! There were we close to the fish market near the harbour, and when, as I told you, I said "Où est le bateau——"

'Hullo, Marsden!' cried a fresh arrival in the club dining-room. 'Back at last, safe and sound, eh? I say, by the by, whilst I think of it. That youngest brother of yours: I had an idea you told me he had gone to Canada?'

'Quite right! Found a letter from him, sent from Winnipeg, when I arrived home.' Henry, in giving the answer, smiled at his own mental alertness.

'Oh!' remarked the other disappointedly. 'Not the same, then. This is the paragraph that misled me.'

The two brothers, Henry and James, as arranged by urgent telephone messages, met that evening. First, preliminaries had to be described. James, walking on the Italian side of Switzerland, and carrying a gun walking-stick, had, it appeared, been arrested as a spy; was shut up in a prison for two days, and eventually released on payment of a fine. He described the state of the prison in a detailed manner that left nothing to the imagination. This done, and Henry's experiences communicated, they considered the question of Charles. Nothing had been heard of Charles, but it was assumed the enemy had arrested him; it was reckoned likely he would be held until the war finished. (The news which came of the young lady at Pinner was that, engaged in the task of recruiting, she had—carried away either by a sense of patriotism, or by a feeling of annoyance against Charles—agreed to marry the first young man who admitted his enlistment was due to her persuasive-ness.) In regard to Willie Marsden, James, it seemed, had found trouble in extricating himself from the tangled web made to conceal the lad's disappearance: it necessitated a marvellously quick recovery from a blow inflicted by a cricket-ball, and an upsetting of all prophecies made by doctors. As a result of strenuous endeavours, and desperate explanations, James was basking in the reflected glory that comes to a close relative of a military hero.

'I've told my friends,' he added in a complacent way, 'that we particularly wanted him to be an officer, but that he would not hear of it. Preferred to enter as an ordinary recruit, and work his way up.'

'That gets you out,' said Henry perturbedly; 'but what about me?'

'You,' admitted James, 'certainly do seem to be in a pretty hot corner!'

At home, Henry—and here one can admit some excuse for irritation—Henry Marsden found a meeting was being held in the drawing-room: a meeting of ladies, if you please, with the vicar's wife in the chair, and no suggestion about the house of an evening meal. His wife, greatly excited by the acute formality of business, came out and begged him to say a few words. Taking his consent for granted, she hauled him, with something like violence, into the room where he exhibited all the want of composure than any man in such a position might show. A young woman was moving the resolution, and in doing so explained the work in which she was assisting elsewhere.

'Who is this?' whispered Henry.

'Miss Roberts—Miss Ethel Roberts.'

'Is she anybody in particular?'

'No, dear,' replied his wife soothingly. 'Only a girl.'

'I hope,' Miss Roberts went on, 'that someone will support this vote of thanks, and I trust you will all work as hard as you possibly can. For myself, it gives me great pleasure to come here, because—although Mrs. Marsden does not know it—I am well acquainted with her brave and distinguished brother-in-law.'

'James?' inquired the hostess surprisedly.

'Not James!'

'Charles?'

'Not Charles!'

'But,' protested Mrs. Henry, 'that only leaves Willie. And he— Where was it you said he had gone, dear?' addressing her husband. 'To one of the colonies, surely. I never can remember them apart.'

'I think,' said a lady in the audience, 'I heard he had emigrated to America.'

'It wasn't America,' declared Mrs. Henry. 'It was somewhere, but not America.'

'Order, order!' said the occupant of the chair. 'We have finished the agenda, and I am under the impression that a vote of thanks is being proposed. Of course it is entirely unnecessary, because I am only too pleased to do anything I can at any time for the good and well-being, and, I may say comfort—'

A voice at the back of the room asked permission to remark, with all deference to the chair, that the resolution had not yet

been seconded. Some hubbub ensued. Experts, who had previously attended meetings, offered their view of the correct procedure; the vicar's wife gave signs of a temperature.

'It was Canada,' declared the lady who had already spoken. A brain-wave had evidently occurred to her. 'I remember now quite distinctly, because I associated him at once with the Princess Patricia of Connaught. Canada, Mrs. Marsden, is where your youngest brother-in-law has gone.'

'Willie Marsden,' said Ethel Roberts distinctly, 'was mentioned in the papers some time ago, and has since been wounded in action in the north of France, and is now at Netley hospital. I saw him there yesterday.' The confusion came again.

'Ladies!' said Henry Marsden, stepping forward—the sound of bass tones quieted the disturbance—'I have satisfaction in seconding the vote that has been so ably proposed by Miss Roberts. I have not until this evening been so fortunate as to meet Miss Roberts; I trust that what I am about to say will in no way prevent acquaintance from ripening into sincere friendship. I am compelled to admit that I told a lie concerning my youngest brother. I confess my fault, and I ask my wife—I don't mind about the rest—I ask my wife to forgive me. That is all!'

Mrs. Henry pointed out to Ethel Roberts that night, after the retarded dinner, that it needed a good deal of pluck for a man to admit an error before an audience of women. Ethel Roberts, agreeing, said she was glad to be marrying into a family where courage was not restricted to one member.

EDITH SICHEL.

A STUDY IN FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Edith Sichel died last summer, the outside world was pained to think of the loss to English literature. No more studies of the women and men of the Renaissance and of the French Revolution, books which made the dead live again ; no more biographies like those of Mary Coleridge, Emily Lawless, and Alfred Ainger ; no more of those luminous essays for which we looked every week in the Literary Supplement of the *Times*, and which were some of her best work, for she was never more fresh and spontaneous than when writing under the stimulating demands of journalism for speed, readiness, and point. But to those who knew her well the personal bereavement counted for very much more. We had lost one of our most delightful and genial comrades and counsellors. We must miss her instant sympathy, imposing on itself at any moment helps and sacrifices such as are rarely given, and more rarely with goodwill ; her eagerness to meet and answer a call for help, whether it was to be reckoned in time or money or service ; her swift response prompted by the feeling—' Now I know all about it '—response very different from the parsimonious charity which will help the lame dog over the first stile, but no further if it becomes burdensome—' Wherever there was trouble, there she would come ' ; and her very presence brought courage and strength.

No one who met Edith Sichel and heard her talk could forget her. And as I write I recall her expressive face and figure, the features full of mobility, vigour, and refinement, the truthfulness of her blue eyes, the smile of tolerance and amusement, with a glance of impatience, such as broke out in speech or writing, at solemnity or pretension. It was something of an education to see her sitting in her bountiful home among her sisters and their friends, dispensing a gracious hospitality, and keeping the ball of conversation in play, listening as well as replying, heartening up all present to do their best, with the readiness of wit which comes of a quick perception of truth. She could be grave or gay, serious or fantastical and extravagant, but never frivolous. She would describe a person or a situation with witty exaggeration and heaped-up detail, till the right word was reached at last, and all was dissolved in laughter. Her scintillations lighted up her

company ; her gaiety and seriousness were infectious. ' We may be serious, but we will not be dull,' she seemed to say. Her speech was full of fancy and idealism. She was always an idealist, valuing the meaning above the form, a follower of the prophet not the priest ; and here we shall not be wrong in recognising an hereditary quality implanted in the genius of the Jewish race, and enshrined in their holiest traditions. Idealism is part of the Hebrew national temper, which, however repressed, cannot rest or be lost, whether it takes the form of philosophical speculation, creative genius, or the philanthropy which sets a pattern to Christians. Though she was by birth, association, education, and personal conviction a sincere Christian, she honoured and loved her race and its high parentage and inheritance.

Edith Sichel's early home life was uneventful ; such a life as is led, so far as externals go, by thousands of unselfish women who shed happiness around them ; but with the difference that in her there was a touch of genius which heightened all. In childhood, her home was tended by her parents' care and by the affection and companionship of her sisters ; and among her earliest recollections must have been her brother's brilliant success at Harrow, stimulating and perhaps giving a direction to the intellectual interests which were always strong in her. School-room lessons had made French and German familiar, and Latin accessible. The composition of school exercises suggests a wider range to a girl naturally disposed to writing ; little magazines invited experiment, and in these short flights she first tried her powers.

In this fortunate atmosphere of varied interests she grew up, and in the society of her contemporaries she laid the foundations of that temple of Friendship which was her home, and the doors of which always stood open.

One of her earliest friends was Mary Coleridge, a year older than herself, whom she came to know in 1876. In her hospitable home in Cromwell Place, the heart-warming presence of her father, Arthur Coleridge, and the harmonious charm of his wife gathered around Mary and her younger sister a succession of friends always replenished to the second generation. It would be difficult to say which of the two led or followed. Intellectually Mary's mind was of the rarer quality, Edith's nature was more comprehensive. Both thought and both felt, but in different though not discordant keys of thought and feeling.

Next to that most intimate connexion which bound her in later

years to her chosen country housemate and daily companion Miss Emily Ritchie, the figure of the dear spiritual comrade Mary Coleridge stands in the front rank among the friends of one who was eminently rich in friends. She found in Mary, as their intimacy grew, help and sympathy in reading and thinking.

I remember how we two,
You and I, I and you,
Read and read for the spirit's hunger,
Walked in the old familiar ways,
Talked and talked for each other's praise.¹

She has herself recorded² how the two girls discussed the waxen effigies in Westminster Abbey and nearly quarrelled over the characters of Cromwell and Charles.

'Mary asked her comrade on which side she stood. "Neither," replied the stolid philosopher of fifteen; "I think there was a bit of truth on both sides." "And it made me dislike you for months," Mary said thirty years afterwards.'

The reply is typical; I recognise the advocacy of a cause and the desire to hold her own opinion and prevail, but not so much from desire of victory as to end in agreement.

Each remained the cherished daughter of two neighbour houses; and social life lifted both above petty interests. Under these conditions friendship can flourish like that of undergraduates in neighbouring colleges at the University. The friendship begun in 1876 never ceased to bear leaves and fruit. Both were in 1885 among the pupils of William Cory, the author of '*Ionica*,' who in his house at Hampstead received week after week a class of eager girls, and read with them the Greek text of Plato and Sophocles. Never was a more fruitful teacher where the soil was kindly; to read a Greek author with him was to be introduced to many other flowery paths of literature and history, and to have the reason and the imagination quickened by new prospects. She also, with Mary Coleridge, attended the lectures of Professor Hales in 1880; and this deepened in her the interest in Elizabethan drama and the greater drama of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

¹ Cf. (p. 283) the volume of *Gathered Leaves* which Edith Sichel dedicated to Mary Coleridge's memory.

² *Ibid.* p. 6.

Her conversation, whether serious or merry—and laughter was never very far off—stimulated and provoked others to talk, with the allurements of one who meets you half-way with the unexpected appreciative word. She had, too, the gift of listening. She was fitted to take a part in the talk of one of the French salons which she describes so well. Good conversation needs wit to set it off, but wit is the salt and the garnish, not the substance of the banquet; her brilliancy was always grounded in good sense.

‘The feelings that make society,’ she wrote,¹ ‘are but bubbles, and we are for ever mournfully longing to substitute closer intercourse for our system of crowded drawing-rooms, by which we see everybody and nobody at the same moment.’

She knew the value of the free intercourse of minds flowing and reflowing in the channels of intimate friendship; and in the conversation of a congenial circle she found the expression which wit, sensibility, and warmth made easy to her.

She gave herself a wide range. I have known no one who could say such funny things about her friends, and at the same time be perfectly loyal to them. One reason why she kept her friendships so fresh and wholesome was that she did not care to be solemn about them. She took it for granted that people had humour, and it is the first step in humour not to take oneself too seriously; if they had not, that was not her business: there can be no laughter without a subject for mirth, and laughter was not to go out of the world because some dunces did not know how to laugh and be laughed at.

Wit, humour, and fun are sisters; the first two keep high company, and leave the third downstairs with the maids and the kitchen parrot. They expect her some day to marry and become dull; but she is the comrade of Aristophanes, Molière, and Dickens, and all the actors, and is as immortal as youth. Edith knew this as well as her friend Alfred Ainger, whose dignity was so secure that he never grudged a sacrifice to fun. Like him, she was always welcomed by children; nephews and nieces, and others on whom she showered epigrams, acrostics, alphabets, Christmas rhymes and impromptus of every kind, with extravagantly licentious rhymes and metres. Fun was never excluded; wherever she was, the gayest circle was round her, and hers the gayest voice and laugh.

A specimen may here be given of the impromptus which it was no labour to her to write at any moment when the fancy took her in a merry mood.

¹ *The Story of Two Salons*, p. 11 (1895).

THE SACRISTAN.

SCENE: A Church in Italy (April 1891).

SACRISTAN (*aside*). Who are these who dare to scan
this Church without the Sacristan?

(*Aloud*) I am the man called Sacristan,
I can speak Français and Inglise;
and if you follow me, I can
show you the pulpit of Nicole de Pise,—
the Sibyl's grotto, the frescoes of Giotto,
more fine than the frescoes of Assise—
follow me dis way, if you please;—
this is the Chapel San Sacramento,
the whole of this is cinque cento;
this is the antique iron gate
through which (six hundred eighty-eight)
Totila came with all de Huns,
and knocked down all dis Church at once.

(*On intelligent inquiries.*)

This gate, first made by an Umbrian lord,
is very old, but it's all restored.
This which you see is the iron ring
to which St. Gregory did cling
in fleeing for his life before
Pope Adrianus twenty-four.

This is St. John by Donatello.
This is real marble, painted yellow;
you hear, I tap it with the key (*taps*)
this only can be done by me.
Do not stop for a single minute;—
that's only a Vinci, there's nothing in it.
This green mosaic is wondrous fine—
made for the tomb of Pio Nine;
but you must pay two extra franchi
if you wish to see his statue *anche*.
This splendid tarsia-work of the choir,
destroyed ten years ago by fire,
was worked anew on painted ground,
and cost two million eighty pound.
If you take a ticket for the crypt,
you can see the stone where St. Mark was whipped.
I've done, and now I want to be tipped.

And this, from Rome, in 1891 :

SOME 'ROBA DI ROMA.'

These are the things by which we are bored :—
 the actions of any barbarous horde,
 national accidents such as sedition,
 the fall of Empires, and deposition ;
 public qualities, such as Hate,
 Glory, Ambition, and Love of the State ;
 the Rapes by Decemvirs, lords and Kings,
 which are the dullest of all dull things,
 the sieges of cities best left alone,
 and any usurping of any throne ;
 accidents happening to any buildings,
 their naves and transepts and roofs and gildings,
 due to the carelessness of plumbers
 who cause great fires in infinite numbers ;
 explosions of powder magazines
 kept by extravagant kings and queens ;
 the pillage of soldiers, generally Turks,
 who came for no reason and spoiled the best works ;
 the mauling of Popes who took things away,
 and the imbecile actions of Charles Borromée ;
 the sprawling statues, ten feet high,
 with unctuous lip and maudlin eye
 for ever turned up to the deep blue sky,
 absorbed in purposeless ecstasy,
 in trailing night-gowns that flutter and fly,
 on every bridge that we pass by,
 made in the eighteenth century.

These are the things, from out the host
 of things we love, that bore us most.

So many-sided was her nature, that to many she was best known as the genius of comedy and good spirits. But others knew that her true character was serious and meditative, and profoundly religious. In her disregard of forms, and her faith in the nearness of Deity, she was something of a mystic, and like the mystics had visions of what lies beyond sense.

The following verses, written immediately after Mary Coleridge's death in 1907, show how near she could come to the possession and expression of high poetic feeling :

TO MARY.

I asked the stars where Mary dwelt ;—
the Light they gave was but their own ;
remote they shone, a gleaming belt :
they made me colder, more alone.

I asked my faith where Mary dwelt ;—
she spread white wings on upward way ;
I could not see her where I knelt,
it seemed a pointless task to pray.

I asked my heart where Mary dwelt,—
my heavy heart, so full of woe ;—
and as I questioned it, I felt
that here was something I could know.

For with the rush of tears that welled
from deeps below to heights above,
I dreamed at last where Mary dwelled,
since there, as here, her home is love.

I do not intend to make a *résumé* of Edith Sichel's writings, which fall into several classes ; fiction, in which may be included such character-sketches as ' Jenny ' and ' Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence,' which she wrote in concert with Mr. George Russell ; studies of Montaigne and Rabelais ; pictures and sketches, personal and social, and other studies of the French Renaissance and Revolution ; biographies, such as her sketches of Mary Coleridge and Emily Lawless ; and the Life of Alfred Ainger.

If I had to choose as to which of her writings showed the greatest power, I should put ' Jenny ' among the foremost. It was published without the author's name in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE of December 1886 ; the scene is in Wapping ; the subject—love, jealousy, and death—provides strong situations and contrasts ; the treatment, if immature, is powerful ; through all breathes the spirit of human sympathy. Her idealism was always founded on fact and experience.

Take this passage as a sample of the quality of her writing—Jenny, the coarse ragged girl, who had been a ' general ' ever since she was a child, is standing on the revolving bridge near Wapping Old Stairs, on a sultry July evening :

'Now all is still, as if it never moved, as if no impatient traffic ever waited to cross, as if no shouting policeman ever forbade passage. And here she stopped for a moment—why, she could not have said, and leaning her arms on the railing, looked over into the water. It looked like a sheet of flame, now red, now burnished gold. All about her was light, for if she looked above she saw the fire still more crimson, and deepened by the dark purple bars which streaked it. Far and near the shining river was flecked by tawny sails, swaying to and fro, as if they were dancing to the music of the waters; and against the crimson clouds stood out the tall black masts, the blacker for the shadows. Jenny had not read Ruskin; she did not understand the beauties of nature, and thought the sun a very common thing, not to be noticed; but all the same a little of the quiet crept into her heart, and a tear or two stole down her cheek. She wouldn't go to service no more, she wouldn't, to have cruel words spoke to her; she wasn't over-good, but she wasn't over-bad—not near so bad as many; she hadn't never stole, except for buying less milk and taking the change, and that wasn't stealin'. Besides why should she be good? She didn't want it; it was like fine clothes—for them as could afford it; it wasn't her business, and there was no one to care.'

What distinguishes 'Jenny' from much that is written in a similar vein is the quality which distinguished the author—fellow-feeling with people unlike herself. She had no theories about equality, she rather resented them; but she disliked condescension, and believed in the equality of souls whose human fortunes were set as far asunder as Dives from Lazarus.

Her earlier essays in authorship encouraged her to go on. She had the promise of success, in observation, wit, keen interest in life, discernment of character, and a vivid manner of reproducing scenes. But 'Worthington Junior,' her only novel published in 1893, had no more than a *succès d'estime*. It was an experiment. It has the faults of inexperience, not in life but in art. The best parts of the book are those which depict Whitechapel life, a subject of which she had complete mastery. Lover of books as she was, she always looked for a human being behind the facts recorded in the book; judging first from personal impressions, a feminine characteristic; for (as she wrote in a note-book) 'Les hommes marchent, les femmes sautent. Elles arrivent donc plus vite au bout, mais en ne se rendant pas compte du chemin.' There is self-knowledge in this saying; instinctive insight into character led her to form just and comprehensive judgments, whether the

subject was a living friend or a person as remote as Montaigne, Rabelais, or Catherine de Médicis; and the personal touch gave life to all.

She did not seem to spend much time upon books, but when you asked, she had read everything worth reading; and she had the use of her reading, for her mind was retentive and orderly, as well as capacious.

In her manner of working, also, she neither allowed her energies to be frittered away among many objects, nor let them be narrowed by concentration. She knew, though she might not carry it fully into action, the value of Florence Nightingale's saying, 'How can you do your Father's business if you have not business habits?' If she sometimes spent time that was not her own, she repaid it out of her own pocket, and in better coin. She never kept untimely visitors away; she attracted them by sympathy; she knew by intuition and practice, not by theory, that sympathy is found where it is given unsought, and that it is worth its cost. It is almost a relief to read that on one occasion, after entertaining and nobly amusing day by day a succession of friends, she wrote to Mary Coleridge, 'All my lovely companions are faded and gone, thank goodness!'

From the first she showed her love for young people of all sorts, and her power of attracting them. For instance, she would take girls to Commemoration dances at Oxford, and invite their partners to dine at her rooms. She was playmate no less than instructor of the girls whom she loved.

Philanthropy was to her an incident in friendship. She did not take it up as a theory, a vocation, or a profession. If she saw people in need of help, she must turn up her sleeves and set to; there was no limit to her charity. Mary Coleridge set her own limit in one of her most sincere and touching poems, inspired by the humility that apes pride.

We are not near enough to love,
I can but pity all your woe;
for wealth has lifted me above,
and falsehood set you down below.

Love never comes but at love's call,
and pity asks for him in vain;
because I cannot give you all,
you give me nothing back again.

She herself wrote of her friend, in reference to these lines, and to Mary's dream of equal and personal friendship between rich and poor: 'It was a profound disappointment to her when at last it dawned upon her that her hope could not be realised—that the obstacle to true equality lay, not only in the rich, but in the poor themselves.' Mary relinquished the quest, as not for her; Edith never gave it up, and she came as near as is possible to realising Mary's dream. She had the Franciscan temper which loves, before it pities, the publican, the harlot, and the leper. The very contempt and disgust with which she would speak of the low aims and sordid lives of women whom she tried to raise out of themselves was an indication of the breadth of her charity. She observed proportions and discriminations; but the poor man's wife in the Whitechapel Road was a friend though not an equal. She gave something of herself to all, and she had her reward; not in the consciousness of a good action, as our ancestors used to say, nor in the approbation granted to the 'good and faithful servant,' nor even in the thought, 'How could I do less?' but rather in this thought, 'What can I' (which excludes 'what must I') 'do more to help my neighbours?' Those who get as far as this look for no reward.

In one of her best pieces of criticism, treating of St. Vincent de Paul, Florence Nightingale, Octavia Hill, and Samuel Barnett,¹ she wrote:

'To each of these four vision seemed useless without action. But further reflection reveals deep differences. In the sayings of Florence Nightingale the intellectual quality leads, the abstract mind is there; intellect also it is which is salient in the utterance of Canon Barnett. But in the words of Octavia Hill and of St. Vincent it is the heart which predominates, the personal element which inspires them.'

The article may be called an analysis of Catholic and Protestant religious sentiment in humanitarianism.

Among the helpers of mankind those who direct fruitful labour by setting others their tasks deserve a high place. Such a helper Edith Sichel found in Samuel Barnett, Rector of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, whom she came to know in 1885, and under whom she worked at the Whitechapel Branch of the Association for helping servants which calls itself the M.A.B.Y.S.

'She scoured the streets, the slums, even the public lodging-

¹ 'Saints, Mystics, and Heroes,' *The Times Literary Supplement*, April 9, 1914.

houses, in search of her girls. If she could trace them in no other way, she adopted local directions, and asked for "a woman as goes about with a tater-can." From one of the houses she gleaned her famous story of the woman who when asked her age said: "Forty, Miss, but a younger woman when washed!"

She describes regions in Shadwell and Barking in 'A Jubilee Day's Experience':¹

'Low, flaunting, coarse—Shadwell had been all this; but here there was something worse; a grimy deformed tawdriness—a sodden despair—a voiceless listlessness. The road was very broad; the houses were all low, not more than two stories high, with their basements, sometimes their worm-eaten doors, sunk deep in the ground. . . . They were all so old that they were rotten, and their odd squinting windows leered down at me as I walked, like so many old bleared eyes—terrible odours lurked in each store and thickened the air; everything was rotting; everything was old; and surely there is nothing more hideous than impious age. Crowds of people were standing at the doors, and in dreary groups. . . . Amongst these too there was nothing young. Youth had died out, and all enjoyment and even the instinct of hope. The children were old men and women and looked the same age as they; everybody was reduced to a dead level of years, by sheer force of hopelessness.'

In such places as these she learnt her business as a minister to the poor, not as a subordinate agent, but as a free helper.

'When I first saw Edith Sichel,' says one who knew her intimately, 'she had returned from a day's work in Whitechapel. She seemed to me the incorporation of charity and compassion combined with modern vision of social regeneration. Compassion and vision seemed to meet with equal power.'

Her action was personal and independent; she did not care for committees, and the more she understood what her powers were, the more she liked to take her own line, not from jealousy or a domineering spirit, but from dislike of waste. Her general experience suggested the plan which she carried out for the rest of her life, when ill-health put a stop to her work in the East End, of making a home in the country for children adopted from early babyhood, many of them from the workhouse, of unknown parentage. In 1890 she established a nursery, at Chiddingfold, near Witley, which was afterwards transferred to the Hurst, at Hambledon, where she and Miss Ritchie built their country home in 1895. Almost every

¹ *Murray's Magazine*, 1887.

child reared there may be regarded as a bit of salvage from the devouring sea of London. To see her with her children was to learn that here her mother-instinct was fully and beneficently exercised. Others might do more on a larger scale, sowing *toto sacco*, but her way was to go straight from heart to heart.

It was so, too, when she visited at Holloway Gaol, a strenuous and painful work which occupied much of her energies in her last years. Her presence had a magical effect upon the prisoners. She would read or tell them stories from the Lives of the Saints, or Tolstoy's 'Parables,' containing, but not as a sermon, a lesson of purity, kindness, or truthfulness; and the girls would listen to all she said and heartily respond when she asked—'Now don't you think that nice of her?' 'Wouldn't you like to do a kind thing like that?' 'Wouldn't you like somebody to say that of you?' She always found her way home to them, as Elizabeth Fry did before her. Her object was St. Paul's, 'to save some'; and she followed the plan of the Biblewomen, Salvationists, and other ministrants, who find their opportunity when the prison doors are opened and the victims of society are thrown out again into the world which has ruined them. She took especial pains to follow these unfortunates, to bring them into touch with new influences for good, and to put them back into honest ways. She would take a long journey in search of some poor runaway. She did not grudge these fatigues, though she was learning that they were beyond her strength. Just before the end she said 'There is so little time.' Few of her friends knew what her untiring energy cost her, how much severe physical suffering she endured, how rarely throughout her life she was free from pain or, at least, discomfort, even when she was spreading brightness and merriment around her. Not that there was effort in this; it was at such times that she was most herself, when the happiness that was within her made her forget pain. She preached the duty of 'cultivating happiness.' 'You must have been happy' (she wrote in her note-book) 'before you can give happiness.' All this was done, not in the magnificent and victorious manner of Florence Nightingale or Sister Dora, nor was she so wholly occupied and steadfastly purposed in good works as Octavia Hill, Miss Cons, and others, such as the beloved Ellen Ranyard ('L. N. R.') and the nameless 'Marian' of the St. Giles's Mission; she was never a slave to philanthropy, and her devotion to all who needed her was lighted up by a happy worldliness which, as it were, walked or even danced hand in hand with religion.

To many of our readers Edith Sichel will be best known from her studies in French literature and biography, a work which led to her going often to France, partly to visit the scenes in which her characters had lived, partly to study at the Bibliothèque Nationale. She had discovered her affinity to French subjects and French people in great measure from making acquaintance with the writings of Sainte-Beuve about the year 1889, when she read many volumes of his 'Lundis' and of the memoirs from which they were drawn, with the growing wish to work in the same field. Hence grew up the 'Story of Two Salons,' with its beautiful portraits of Joubert and Pauline de Beaumont, published in 1895, and followed by the 'Household of the Lafayettes' in 1897, and by three books treating of the French Renaissance and the princesses of the Houses of Valois and Médicis in the sixteenth century. She so assimilated French ideas that she seemed to have adopted a second nationality; and France became for her 'le pays des amitiés'; for wherever she went she made new friends.

'The Household of the Lafayettes' brought her latterly into friendly relations with the descendants of that family; M. Bouchot of the Print Department in the Bibliothèque Nationale was her trusted adviser, and the employés of the same institution her willing servants; but her warmest friendship was with M. André Beaunier, whose Conférences on French literature gave pleasure and profit to London audiences in four successive seasons, and his accomplished wife was her admired and intimate associate.

Another strain in her character must be noticed here, her worship of beauty, both in nature and in the world of art. The happiest holidays were those spent abroad, and her letters from Italy tell of the refreshment which these journeys always brought to her. They woke in her the answer of almost a new sense, and revealed to her that if literature was to be her business in life, art and natural beauty should be its inspiration. I have no space to enlarge on this aspect of her mind; it was perhaps her strongest natural instinct. Take for samples of its expression the following extracts from letters written to Mary Coleridge:

'ROME, March '96.

'You certainly ought to be here in this place without a beginning or an end, without anything but a silent, speaking eternity, peopled by still white citizens, instinct with an inexpressible kind of life beyond life—the ineffable enchantment of marble. It is the world of sculpture here which seizes me most, I think;—always

excepting the world of nature, but that belongs to the city and includes it, as one includes a person's atmosphere in speaking of his existence.'

From Assisi she writes :

' Since then I seem to have lived a lifetime of beauty—of light and shadows, of golden suns and white moons turning the olive trees to silver, as they bend and sway to each other, half angelic, half courtly, for all the world like Perugino's seraphs. The sight I almost like the best is that of the Madonna-faced women here, gay-skirted, with figures of such gracious curves, who watch their flocks in the fields and work the while at their distaffs (real old fairy-tale distaffs), or stand up to their waists in the bright green barley, or walk in company of their fierce sunny husbands behind the carts drawn by great white oxen, born for mythological characters to sit on. . . .

' What these churches of Assisi are you can't think. You seem to have entered a solemn rainbow, and then discover that every cranny, wall, arch, apse, roof is smothered in frescoes, three-quarters of them Giotto at his very best. I can only say that it is more like Dante in colour than anything else ; the same dewy childhood of mind, the same manly power, almost grim ; the same godly courage, the same severity of judgment and sober truth. . . . To possess the power of beauty and yet to make Soul the foremost impression . . . to my ignorant mind, that is Giotto's crown of masterdom.'

All these are various aspects of a many-coloured mind ; but Friendship is the key-note. As her life became fuller of work so it was more enriched by friendship ; and friendship of an unusually varied and interesting kind, including some of our most distinguished writers, artists, and public men. Their companionship was as natural to her as that of women ; and for her to gain new friends was not to lose the old.

That she did not waste herself was shown by her being admitted to intimacies to which few others had access. ' In friendship ' (she wrote in the same note-book) ' everything and nothing must be taken for granted ' ; and ' what was, is ; what is not, can never be ; what shall be, was.' Friendship for her meant both confidence and tolerance. She did not demand from all whom she loved ' Love, when so you're loved again.' She knew the meaning of Blake's quatrain, and how to ' build a heaven in hell's despair ' ; and the history of her life is summed up in the word Friendship.

F. W. CORNISH.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

III. THE MINE.

Being in some fashion the sort of story that may be read between the lines of the Official Despatches.

' . . . a mine was successfully exploded under a section of the enemy's trench. . . . '—ACTUAL EXTRACT FROM AN OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

WORK on the sap-head had been commenced on what the Captain of the Sappers called 'a beautiful night,' and what anyone else outside a lunatic asylum would have described with the strongest adjectives available in exactly the opposite sense. A piercing wind was blowing in gusts of driving sleet and rain, it was pitch dark—'black as the inside of a cow,' as the Corporal put it—and it was bitterly cold. But, since all these conditions are exactly those most calculated to make difficult the work of an enemy's sentries and look-outs, and the first work of sinking a shaft is one which it is highly desirable should be unobserved by an enemy, the Sapper Captain's satisfaction may be understood.

The sap-head was situated amongst the ruins of a cottage a few yards behind the forward firing trench, and by the time a wet daylight had dawned the Sappers had dug themselves well underground, had securely planked up the walls of the shaft, and had cut a connecting gallery from the ruins to the communication trench. All this meant that their work was fairly free from observation, and the workers reasonably safe from bombs and bullets, so that the officer in charge had good cause for the satisfaction with which he made his first report.

His first part of the work had been a matter of plans and maps, of compass and level, of observing the ground—incidentally dodging the bullets of the German snipers who caught glimpses of his crawling form—by day, and of intricate and exact figuring and calculating by night, in the grimy cellar of another ruined house by the light of a candle, stuck in an empty bottle.

Thereafter he spent all his waking hours (and many of his sleeping ones as well) in a thick suit of clayey mud; he lived like a mole in his mine gallery or his underground cellar, saw the light only when

he emerged to pass from his work to his sleep or meals, and back to his work, and generally gave himself, his whole body and brain and being, to the correct driving of a shallow burrow straight to the selected point under the enemy trench a hundred and odd yards away. He was a youngish man, and this was the first job of any importance that had been wholly and solely entrusted to him. It was not only his anxiety to make a creditable showing, but he was keen on the work for the work's own sake, and he revelled in the creative sense of the true artist. The mine was his. He had first suggested it, he had surveyed it, and plotted it, and measured and planned and worked it out on paper; and now, when it came to the actual pick-and-shovel work, he supervised and directed and watched each hour of work, and each yard of progress.

It was tricky work, too, and troublesome. At first the ground was good stiff clay that the spades bit out in clean mouthfuls, and that left a fair firm wall behind. But that streak ran out in the second day's working, and the mine burrowed into some horrible soft crumbly soil that had to be held up and back by roof and wall of planking. The Subaltern took a party himself and looted the wrecks of houses—there was no lack of these in the village just behind the lines—of roof-beams and flooring, and measured and marked them for sawing into lengths, and would have taken a saw with pleasure himself.

Then he dived cheerfully into the oozing wet burrow and superintended the shoring up, and re-started the men to digging, and emerged a moment to see more planking passed down. He came in fact dangerously near to making a nuisance of himself, and some of his men who had been sapping and mining for wet and weary months past were inclined to resent quite so much fussing round and superintendence. But the Corporal put that right. He was an elderly man with a nasty turn of temper that had got him into almost as many troubles in his service as his knowledge, experience, and aptitude for hard work and responsibility had got him out of.

'Leave the lad be,' he had said when some of the party had passed grumbling remarks about 'too bloomin' much fuss an' feathers over a straight simple bloomin' job.' The Corporal had promptly squashed that opinion. 'Leave the lad be,' he said. 'He's young to the job mebbe, but he's not such a simple fool as some that take this for a simple job. It's not goin' to be all that simple, as you'll find before you're done.'

He was right, too. The crumbling soil was one little difficulty

promptly and easily met. The next was more troublesome. The soil grew wetter and more wet until at last the men were working ankle deep in water. The further the mine went the wetter it became. The men worked on, taking their turn at the narrow face, shovelling out the wet muck and dragging it back to the shaft and up and out and away by the communication trench. They squeezed aside in silence when the Subaltern pushed in to inspect the working and waited with side winks to one another to see what he would do to overcome the water difficulty. 'Pumps' would of course have been the simple answer, but the men knew as well as the Subaltern knew that pumps were not to be had at that particular time and place for love or money, and that all the filling of all the 'indents' in the R.E. would not produce one single efficient pump from store.

The Subaltern did not trouble with indent forms or stores. He had had something of a fight to get a grudging permission for his mine, and he felt it in his bones that if he worried the big chiefs too much with requisitions he would be told to abandon the mine. He shut his teeth tight at the thought. It was his mine and he was going to see it through, if he had to bale the water out with a tea-cup.

He made a quick cast through the shell-wrecked village, drew blank, sat for fifteen minutes on the curb of a rubble-choked well and thought hard, jumped up and called the Corporal to provide him with four men and some odd tools, and struck back across muddy and shell-cratered fields to the nearest farm. The farmer, who had remained in possession despite the daily proximity of bursting shells, a shrapnel-smashed tile roof, and a gaping hole where one house-corner should have been, made some objection to the commandeering of his old-fashioned farm pump. He was at first supported in this by the officer in charge of the men billeted in the barn and sheds, but the Sapper explained the urgency of his need and cunningly clinched the argument by reminding the Infantry officer that probably he and his men would soon be installed in the trenches from which the mine ran, and that he—the Sapper—although he was not supposed to mention it, might just hint that his mine was only hurrying to forestall an enemy mine which was judged to be approaching the trench the Infantry officer would presently occupy. This last was a sheer invention of the moment, but it served excellently, and the Sapper and his party bore off their pump in triumph. It was later erected in the mineshaft, and the difficulty of providing sufficient piping to run from the pump

to the waterlogged part of the mine was met by a midnight visit to the house where Headquarters abode and the wholesale removal of gutters and rain-pipes. As Headquarters had its principal residence in a commodious and cobwebby cellar, the absence of the gutters fortunately passed without remark, and the sentry who watched the looting and the sergeant to whom he reported it were quite satisfied by the presence of an Engineer officer and his calm assurance that it was 'all right—orders—an Engineers' job.'

The pump did its work excellently, and a steady stream of muddy water gushed from its nozzle and flowed down the Headquarters gutter-pipes to a selected spot well behind the trenches. Unfortunately the pump, being old-fashioned, was somewhat noisy, and all the packing and oiling and tinkering failed to silence its clank-clink, clank-clink, as its arm rose and fell.

The nearest German trench caught the clank-clink, and by a simple process of deduction and elimination arrived at its meaning and its location. The pump and the pumpers led a troubled life after that. Snipers kept an unsteady but never silent series of bullets smacking into the stones of the ruin, whistling over the communication trench, and 'whupp'-ing into the mud around both. A light gun took a hand and plumped a number of rounds each day into the crumbling walls and rubbish-heaps of stone and brick, and burst shrapnel all over the lot. The Sappers dodged the snipers by keeping tight and close to cover; they frustrated the direct-hitting 'Fizz-Bang' shells by a stout barricade of many thicknesses of sandbags bolstering up the fragment of wall that hid their shaft and pump, and finally they erected a low roof over the works and sandbagged that secure against the shrapnel. There were casualties of course, but these are always in the way of business with the Sappers and came as a matter of course. The Germans brought up a trench-mortar next and flung noisy and nerve-wrecking high-explosive bombs into and all round the ruin, bursting down all the remaining walls except the sandbagged one and scoring a few more casualties until the forward trench installed a trench-mortar of their own, and by a generous return of two bombs to the enemy's one put the German out of action. A big 'minenwerfer' came into play next, and because it could throw a murderous-sized bomb from far behind the German trench it was too much for the British trench-mortar to tackle. This brought the gunners into the game, and the harassed infantry (who were coming to look

on the Sapper Subaltern and his works as an unmitigated nuisance and a most undesirable acquaintance who drew more than a fair share of enemy fire on them) appealed to the guns to rid them of their latest tormentor. An Artillery 'Observing Officer' spent a perilous hour or two amongst the shrapnel and snipers' bullets on top of the sandbagged wall, until he had located the *minenwerfer*. Then about two minutes' telephoned talk to the Battery and ten minutes of spouting lyddite volcanoes finished the *minenwerfer* trouble. But all this aboveground work was by way of an aside to the Sapper Subaltern. He was far too busy with his mine gallery to worry about the doings of gunners and bomb-throwers and infantry and such like fellows. When these people interfered with his work they were a nuisance of course, but he always managed to find a working party for the sandbagging protective work without stopping the job underground.

So the gallery crept steadily on. They had to carry the tunnel rather close to the surface because at very little depth they struck more water than any pumps, much less their single farmyard one, could cope with. The nearness to the surface made a fresh difficulty and necessitated the greatest care in working under the ground between the trenches, because here there were always deep shell-holes and craters to be avoided or floored with the planking that made the tunnel roof. So the gallery had to be driven carefully at a level between the danger of exposing it through a shell-hole and the depth at which the water lay. This meant a tunnel too low to stand or even kneel in with a straight back, and the men, kneeling in mud, crouched back on their heels and with rounded back and shoulders, struck their spades forward into the face and dragged the earth out spadeful by spadeful. Despite the numbing cold mud they knelt in, the men, stripped to shirts with rolled sleeves and open throats, streamed rivulets of sweat as they worked, for the air was close and thick and heavy, and the exertion in the cramped space was one long muscle-racking strain.

Once the roof and walls caved in, and three men were imprisoned. The collapse came during the night fortunately, and, still more fortunately, behind the line and parapet of the forward trench. The Subaltern flung himself and his men on the muddy wreckage in frantic haste to clear an opening and admit air to the prisoned men. It took time, a heartbreaking length of time, and it was with a horrible dread in his heart that the Subaltern at last pushed in to the uncovered opening and crawled along the tunnel, flashing

his electric torch before him. Half-way to the end he felt a draught of cold air, and, promptly extinguishing his lamp, saw a hole in the roof. His men were alive all right, and not only alive but keeping on hard at work at the end of the tunnel. When the collapse came they had gone back to where their roof lay across the bottom of a shell-hole, pulled a plank out, and—gone back to work.

When the tunnel reached a point under the German parapet it was turned sharp to left and right, forming a capital T with the cross-piece running roughly along the line of trench and parapet. Here there was need of the utmost deliberation and caution. A pick could not be used, and even a spade had to be handled gently, in case the sounds of working should reach the Germans overhead. In some places the Subaltern could actually hear the movements and footsteps of the enemy just above him.

Twice the diggers disturbed a dead German buried evidently under the parapet. Once a significant crumbling of the earth and fall of a few heavy clods threatened a collapse where the gallery was under the edge of the trench. The spot was hastily but securely shored up with infinite caution and the least possible sound, and after that the Subaltern had the explosive charges brought along and connected up in readiness. Then if the roof collapsed or their work were discovered the switch at the shaft could still be pressed, the wires would still carry the current, and the mine would be exploded.

At last the Subaltern decided that everything was ready. He carefully placed his charges, connected up his wires again, cleared out his tools, and emerged to report 'all ready.'

Now the 'touching off' of a good-sized mine is not a matter to be done lightly or without due and weighty authority, and that because more is meant to result from it than the upheaval of some square yards of earth and the destruction of so many yards of enemy trench. The mine itself, elaborate and labour-making as it may have been, is, after all, only a means to an end. That end may be the capture of a portion of the ruins of the trench, it may be the destruction of an especially strong and dangerous 'keep,' a point of resistance or an angle for attack. It may even be a mine to destroy a mine which is known to be tunnelling into our own trenches, but in any case the explosion is usually a signal for attack from one side or the other, and therefore requires all the usual elaborate arrangements of reinforcements and supports and so on. Therefore the Sapper Subaltern when he had finished

his work and made his report, had nothing to do but sit down and wait until other people's preparations were made, and he received orders to complete his work by utterly and devastatingly destroying it. The Subaltern found this wait about the most trying part of the whole affair, more especially since he had for a good many days and nights had so much to occupy his every moment.

He received word at last of the day and hour appointed for the explosion, and had the honour of a visit of inspection from a very superior officer who pored long and painstakingly over the paper plans, put a great many questions, even went the length of walking down the communication trench and peering down the entrance shaft, and looking over the sandbagged wall through a periscope at the section of German trench marked down for destruction. Then he complimented the Subaltern on his work, declined once again the offer of a muddy mackintosh and an invitation to crawl down the mine, and went off. The Subaltern saw him off the premises, returned to the shaft and donned the mackintosh, and crawled off up his tunnel once more.

Somehow, now that the whole thing was finished and ready, he felt a pang of reluctance to destroy it and so fulfil its destiny. As he crawled along, he noted each little bit of shoring-up and supporting planks, each rise and fall in the floor, each twist and angle in the direction, and recalled the infinite labour of certain sections, his glows of satisfaction at the speed of progress at the easy bits, his impatience at the slow and difficult portions. It seemed as if he had been building that tunnel for half a lifetime, had hardly ever done anything else but build it or think about building it. And now, to-morrow it was all to be destroyed. He recalled with a thrill of boyish pleasure the word of praise from the Corporal—a far greater pleasure, by the way, than he had derived from the Great One's compliments—the praise of one artist to another, the recognition of good work done, by one who himself had helped in many good works and knew well of what he spoke. 'She's done, sir,' the Corporal had said. 'And if I may say so, sir, she's a credit to you. A mighty tricky job, sir, and I've seen plenty with long years in the Service that would ha' been stumped at times. I'm glad to have had a hand in it wi' you, sir. And all the men feel the same way about it.'

Ah well, the Subaltern thought as he halted at the joint of the T-piece, none of them felt the same about it as he himself did. He squatted there a moment, listening to the drip of water that was the only sound. Suddenly his heart leapt . . . was it the only

sound? What was that other, if it could be called a sound? It was a sense rather, an indefinable blending of senses of hearing and feel and touch, a faint, barely perceptible 'thump, thump,' like the beat of a man's heart in his breast. He snapped off the light of his electric lamp and crouched breathless in the darkness, straining his ears to hear. He was soon satisfied. He had not lived these days past with the sound of digging in his ears by day and his dreams by night not to recognise the blows of a pick. There . . . they had stopped now; and in imagination he pictured the digger laying down the pick to shovel out the loosened earth. Then, after a pause, the measured thump, thump went on again. The Subaltern crawled along first one arm of the cross-section and then the other, halting every now and then to place his ear to the wet planking or the wetter earth. He located at last the point nearest to the sound, and without more waste of time scurried off down his tunnel to daylight.

He was back in the mine again in less than half an hour—a bare thirty minutes, but each minute close-packed with concentrated essence of thought and action.

The nearest trench telephone had put him in touch with Battalion Headquarters, and through them with Brigade, Divisional, and General Headquarters. He had told his story and asked for his orders clearly, quickly, and concisely. The Germans were counter-mining. Their tunnel could not possibly miss ours, and, by the sound, would break through in thirty to sixty minutes. What were his orders? It took some little time for the orders to come, mainly because—although he knew nothing of it—his mine was part of a scheme for a general attack, and general attacks are affairs that cannot be postponed or expedited as easily as a cold lunch. But the Subaltern filled in the time of waiting, and when the orders did come he was ready for them or any other. They were clear and crisp—he was to fire the mine, but only at the latest possible minute. That was all he got, and indeed all he wanted; and, since they did not concern him, there is no need here to tell of the swirl of other orders that buzzed and ticked and talked by field telegraph and telephone for miles up and down and behind the British line.

Before these orders had begun to take shape or coherency as a whole, the Subaltern was back listening to the thump, thump of the German picks, and busily completing his preparations. It was near noon, and perhaps the workers would stop for a meal, which would give another hour for troops to be pushed up or whatever else the Generals wanted time for. It might even be that a fall of their roof,

an extra inflow of water to their working, any one of the scores of troubles that hamper and hinder underground mining might stop the crawling advance of the German sappers for a day or two and allow the Subaltern's mine to play its appointed part at the appointed time of the grand attack.

But meantime the Subaltern took no chances. First he connected up a short switch which in the last extreme of haste would allow him with one touch of his finger to blow up his mine and himself with it. He buried or concealed the wires connecting the linked charges with the switch outside so as to have a chance of escape himself. He opened a portable telephone he had carried with him and joined up to the wire he had also carried in, and so was in touch with his Corporal and the world of the aboveground. All these things he did himself because there was no need to risk more than one man in case of a quick explosion. Then, his preparations complete, he sat down to wait and to listen to the thudding picks of the Germans. They were very near now, and with his ear to the wall the Subaltern could hear the shovels as well as the picks. He shut his lamp off after a last look at his switch, his revolver, and the glistening walls and mud-ooze floor of his tunnel, and sat still in the darkness. Once he whispered an answer into the telephone to his Corporal, and once he flicked his lamp on an instant to glance at the watch on his wrist. Then he crouched still and silent again. The thumping of his heart nearly drowned the thud of the picks, he was shivering with excitement, and his mouth grew dry and leathery. He felt a desire to smoke, and had his case out and a cigarette in his lips when it occurred to him that when the Germans broke through the smell of the smoke would tell them instantly that they were in an occupied working. He counted on a certain amount of delay and doubt on their part when their picks first pierced his wall, and he counted on that pause again to give him time to escape. So he put the cigarette away, and immediately was overwhelmed with a craving for it. He fought it for five minutes that felt like five hours, and felt his desire grow tenfold with each minute. It nearly drove him to doing what all the risk, all the discomfort of his cramped position, all the danger, had not done—to creep out and fire the mine without waiting for that last instant when the picks would break through. It could make little difference, he argued to himself, in the movements of those above. What could five minutes more, or ten or even fifteen, matter now? It might even be that he was endangering the success of the explosion by waiting, and it was perhaps wiser to crawl out at once and fire the

mine,—and he could safely light a cigarette then as soon as he was round the corner of the T. So he argued the matter out, fingering his cigarette-case and longing for the taste of the tobacco, and yet knowing in his inmost heart that he would not move, despite his arguments, until the first pick came through. He heard the strokes draw nearer and nearer, and now he held his breath and strained his eyes as each one was delivered. The instant he had waited for came in exactly the fashion he had expected—a thud, a thread of yellow light piercing the black dark, a grunt of surprise from the pick-wielder at the lack of resistance to his stroke. All this was just what he had expected, had known would happen. The next stroke would show the digger that he was entering some hole. Then there would be cautious investigation, the sending back word to an officer, the slow and careful enlargement of the opening. And before that moment came the Subaltern would be down his tunnel, and outside, and pressing the switch . . .

But his programme worked out no further than that first instant and that first gleam of light. He saw the gleam widen suddenly as the pick was withdrawn, heard another quick blow, saw the round spot of light run out in little cracks and one wide rift, and suddenly the wall fell in, and he was staring straight into the German gallery, with a dark figure silhouetted clear down to the waist against the light of an electric bulb lamp which hung from the gallery roof. For an instant the Subaltern's blood froze. The figure of the German was only separated from him by a bare three yards, and to his dark-blinded eyes it seemed that he himself was standing in plain view in a brilliant blaze of light. Actually he was in almost complete darkness. The single light in the German gallery hardly penetrated through the gloom of his own tunnel, and what little did showed nothing to the eyes of the German, used to the lamp-light and staring suddenly into the black rift before him. But the German called out to someone behind him, twisted round, moved, stooping, back to the lamp and reached up a hand to it. The Subaltern backed away hastily, his eyes fixed on the glow of light in the opening. The hole had broken through on a curve of his tunnel, so that for fifteen or twenty feet back he could still see down the German gallery, could watch the man unhook the lamp and carry it back to the opening, thrust the lamp before him and lean in over the crumbling heap of earth his pick had brought down. The Subaltern stopped and drew a gasping breath and held it. Discovery was a matter of seconds now. He had left his firing switch, but he still carried the portable telephone slung

from his shoulder, the earth-pin dangling from it. He had only to thrust the pin into the mud and he was connected up with the Corporal at the outside switch, had only to shout one word, 'Fire!'—and it would all be over. Quickly but noiselessly he put his hand down to catch up the wire with the earth-pin. His hand touched the revolver-butt in his holster, checked at it, closed round it and slid it softly out. All this had taken an instant of time, and as he raised his weapon he saw the German still staring hard under the upheld lamp into the gloom. He was looking the other way, and the Subaltern levelled the heavy revolver and paused. The sights stood out clear and black against the figure standing in the glow of light—a perfect and unmissable target. The man was bare-headed, and wore a mud-stained blue shirt with sleeves cut off above the elbow. The Subaltern moved the notched sights from under the armpit of the raised arm that held up the light, and steadied them on the round of the ear that stood out clear against the close-cropped black hair. He heard a guttural exclamation of wonder, saw the head come slowly round until the circle of the ear foreshortened and moved past his sights, and they were centred straight between the staring eyes. His finger contracted on the trigger, but a sudden qualm stayed him. It wasn't fair, it wasn't sporting, it was too like shooting a sitting hare. And the man hadn't seen him even yet. Man? This was no man; a lad rather, a youth, a mere boy, with childish wondering eyes, a smooth oval chin, the mouth of a pretty girl. The Subaltern had a school-boy brother hardly younger than this boy; and a quick vision rose of a German mother and sisters—no, he couldn't shoot; it would be murder; it—And then a quick start, an upward movement of the lamp, a sharp question, told him the boy had seen. The Subaltern spoke softly in fairly good German. 'Run away, my boy. In an instant my mine will explode.'

'Who is it? Who is there?' gasped the boy.

The Subaltern chuckled, and grinned wickedly. Swiftly he dropped the revolver, fumbled a moment, and pulled a coil of capped fuse from his pocket.

'It is the English,' he said. 'It is an English mine that I now explode,' and, on the word, lit the fuse and flung it, fizzing and spitting a jet of sparks and smoke, towards the boy. The lad flinched back and half turned to run, but the Subaltern saw him look round over his shoulder and twist back, saw the eyes glaring at the fiery thing in the mud, the dreadful resolve grow swiftly on the set young face, the teeth clamped on the resolve. He was going

to dash for the fuse, to try to wrench it out and, as he supposed, prevent the mine exploding. The Subaltern jerked up the revolver again. This would never do; the precious seconds were flying; at any moment another man might come. He would have saved this youngster if he could, but he could allow nothing to risk failure for his mine. 'Get back,' he said sharply. 'Get back quickly, or I shall shoot.'

But now what he had feared happened. A voice called, a scuffling footfall sounded in the German gallery, a dim figure pushed forward into the light beside the boy. The Subaltern saw that it was an officer, heard his angry oath in answer to the boy's quick words, his shout, 'The light, fool—break it'; saw the clenched fist's vicious buffet in the boyish face and the quick grab at the electric bulb. The Subaltern's revolver sights slid off the boy and hung an instant on the snarling face of the officer. . . .

In the confined space the roar of his heavy revolver rolled and thundered in reverberating echoes, the swirling powder-reek blinded him and stung in his nostrils; and as the smoke cleared he could see the boy scrambling back along his gallery and the officer sprawled face down across the earth-heap in the light of the fallen lamp.

The Subaltern smashed the lamp himself before he too turned and plunged, floundering and slipping and stumbling, for his exit in an agony of haste and apprehension. It was all right, he told himself a dozen times; the officer was done for—the back of that head and a past knowledge of a Service revolver's work at close range told him that plain enough; it would take a good many minutes for the boy to tell his tale, and even then, if a party ventured back at once, it would take many more minutes in the dark—and he was glad he thought to smash the lamp—before they could find his charges or the wires. It was safe enough, but—the tunnel had never seemed so long or the going so slow. He banged against beams and supports, ploughed through sticky mud and churning water, rasped his knuckles, and bruised knees and elbows in his mad haste. It was safe enough, but—but—but—suppose there was no response to his pressure on the switch; suppose there had been some silly mistake in making the connexions; suppose the battery wouldn't work. There were a score of things to go wrong. Thank goodness he had overhauled and examined everything himself; although that again would only make it more appallingly awful if things didn't work. No time now, no chance to go back and put

things right. Perhaps he ought to have stayed back there and made the contact. A quick end if it worked right, and a last chance to refix it if it didn't; yes, he . . . but here was the light ahead. He shouted 'Fire!' at the top of his voice, still hurrying on and half cowering from the expected roar and shock of the explosion. Nothing happened. He shouted again and again as loud as his panting breath and labouring lungs would let him. Still—nothing; and it began to sear his brain as a dreadful certainty that he had failed, that his mine was a ghastly frost, that all the labour gone to its making and the good lives spent on it were wasted. He stumbled weakly out into the shaft, caught a glimpse of the Corporal's set face staring at the tunnel mouth, and tried once more to call out 'Fire!' But the Corporal was waiting for no word. He had already got that, had heard the Subaltern's first shouts roll down the tunnel in fact, was waiting with a finger on the exploding switch for the moment the Subaltern should appear. The finger moved steadily over as the Subaltern stumbled into sight—and the solid earth heaved convulsively, shuddered, and rocked and shook to the roaring blast of the explosion.

The shock and the rush of air from the tunnel-mouth caught the Subaltern, staggering to his knees, and flung him headlong. And as he picked himself up again the air darkened with whizzing clods and mud and dust and stones and dirt that rained down from the sky. Before the echoes of the explosion had died away, before the last fragments and débris had fallen, there came the sound of another roar, the bellowing thunder of the British guns throwing a storm of shell and shrapnel between the German supports and the ruined trench. That, and another sound, told the Subaltern that the full fruits of his work were to be fully reaped—the sound of the guns and of the full, deep-chested, roaring cheers of the British infantry as they swarmed from their trenches and rushed to occupy the crater of the explosion.

Later in the day, when the infantry had made good their possession of the place, had sandbagged and fortified it to stand against the expected counter-attacks, the Subaltern went to look over the ground and see at first and close hand the results of his explosion. Technically, he found it interesting; humanly, it was merely sickening. The ground was one weltering chaos and confusion of tossed earth-heaps and holes, of broken beams and jagged-ended planks, of flung sandbags and wrecked barricading.

Of trench or barricade, as trench and barricade, there remained, simply, no sign. The wreckage was scattered thick with a dreadful *débris* of dead bodies, of blood-wet clothing, of helmets and broken rifles, burst packs and haversacks, bayonets, waterbottles, and shattered equipments. The Ambulance men were busy, but there were still many dead and dying and wounded to be removed, wounded with torn flesh and mangled limbs, dead and dying with scorched and smouldering clothes. The infantry hastily digging and filling sandbags and throwing up parapets on the far edge of the reeking explosion pit had found many bodies caught in the descending avalanche of earth or buried in the collapsed trenches and dug-outs; and here and there amid the confusion a foot or a hand protruding stark from some earth-heap marked the death-place of other victims. The whole scene was one of death and desolation, of ruin and destruction, and the Subaltern turned from it sick at stomach. It was the first result of a big explosion he had seen. This was the sort of thing that he had read so often summed up in a line of the Official Despatch or a two-line newspaper paragraph: 'A mine was successfully exploded under a section of the enemy's trench.' A mine—*his* mine. . . 'God,' the Subaltern said softly under his breath, and looked wonderingly about him.

'E's a bloomin' little butcher, is that Leftenant of ours,' the Corporal said that night. 'Course it was a good bit o' work, an' he'd reason to be proud of it; but—well, I thought I'd a strongish stomach, an' I've seen some dirty blood-an'-bones messes in my time, but that scorchin' shambles near turned me over. An' he comes back, after lookin' at it, as cheerful as the cornerman o' a Christy Minstrel troupe, an' as pleased as a dog wi' two tails. Fair pleased, 'e was.'

But he was a little wrong. What had brought the Subaltern back with such a cheerful air was not the sight of his work, not the grim picture of the smashed trenches. It was an encounter he had had with a little group of German prisoners, the recognising amongst them of a dirty, mud-stained blue shirt with sleeves cut off above the elbows, a close-cropped bare head, a boy's face with smooth oval chin and girlish eyes. That one life saved was also his work, and, moreover, his own, his individual personal work. The mines work he had directed, but others had shared it. It was the day's work; it was an incident of war; it was, after all, merely 'a mine successfully exploded. . .'

BOYD CABLE.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER WITH LIONS.

7/7/14.—A truly wonderful day, to-day has been. Perhaps there was something significant in the very date, which might have foretold unusual happenings. Seven is a mysterious number, people say! Well, I've had the most extraordinary piece of luck in the hunting line. Uganda is not a country to go to to look for lions, although they are there right enough. Well, these plains, like many another spot in Uganda, are often visited by lions, which come down from the parts of Toro province above the escarpment, hunt around a while, and then return. This constitutes the chief difficulty in getting lions in this country, because they so often make thick country their headquarters, and the natives make such a fuss when they devote any length of time to one spot, that they sheer off elsewhere. Well to-day I went out after the herd of buffalo I had seen feeding across the valley last evening. I wanted to get some photos, and possibly shoot one if I could see a good head. There was the herd, just about where it was last evening, only more bunched up together; a cluster of black dots to the naked eye, though quite clearly discernible through the glass. A little detour, after crossing the dry river-bed, to allow for the wind, and I reached a convenient tree in one of the numberless thickets which are scattered over these plains. I swarmed up this—there were no branches for the first twelve feet or so—and then had the gun and two cameras handed up, and made myself as comfortable as possible. The herd was slowly on the move grazing towards me—more or less in the formation of a V with its apex away. I took a lot of photos, and then, seeing one old gentleman with what appeared to be a big boss to his horns, I decided to shoot, and bring happiness to the hearts of my carnivorous porters. Being up a tree I wanted to make quite certain against any untoward results from the recoil of my rifle, a '404, so twisted one arm round a fairly fat branch and let off, rather uncomfortably, at my ancient friend, who was broadside on some eighty yards distant. I hit him somewhere and off he went; obviously a rotten shot. The next cartridge misfired, and then I hit him again at about 200 yards as he plodded off. He was limping badly, and his companions were just disappearing some half a mile away over a crest. I remained up the tree for a minute or two watching him, hoping

he might eventually roll over dead and save further trouble. He went on, however, slowly enough and limping, stopping every now and then to look round, and I realised that something more must be done. So descending, we made off after him, hunters and various boys carrying cameras, guns, &c.—in all a select little crowd of seven. I was some distance ahead with a small lad carrying the .404; behind trailed at their discretion the camera and water boys and a .256 magazine on the safety catch. Suddenly I caught sight of a strange-looking animal away to my left on the crest of the slope, standing staring intently at my buffalo, which was slowly nearing the top of the incline 300 yards or so away. I was then some 300 yards from both. For the moment I was completely nonplussed and tried to fit in the yellow form with one of the game species common on the plain. Then, in a flash, I realised it was indeed a male lion; the last animal I expected to see, and one which I had so far never seen clear in the open. I forgot to mention that, while climbing the tree some half-hour before, we had heard, apparently miles away, a lion's roar; so far off that there seemed no earthly chance of finding him. The beast now before me was apparently another, who had doubtless spotted the buffalo herd from across the valley, and had come along for his breakfast: Well, I crouched and waited, and presently he walked on still intent on the buffalo, which by now had apparently seen him. I felt a pang of pity for the poor brute, badly hit, left behind by his pals, and now faced with a new enemy. Keeping an eye on the lion, I began to move towards him, keeping well down in the shortish grass and utilising the thickets to keep out of his view. The wind was right, and he seemed perfectly unaware of anything that could in any way interfere with his projects. I was within perhaps 200 yards of him when I caught sight of a second round, brown head moving along swiftly towards the coming fray; a second lion, fellow hunter to number one. The buffalo was now just over the crest out of sight, and both lions all but invisible in the grass. I saw them pause twice, then one trotted on out of sight, and a second afterwards number two bounded after him. A bellow from the wretched buffalo followed, and a medley of sounds, terrifying enough to listen to; growling, groaning, now and then changing into a short roar, mingled with almost continuous bellowing from the bull, then silence. I had now crept up to within 200 yards of the hill, and peeping from behind a little ant-hill—cover was precious scarce by now—I saw the buffalo's legs kicking in the air,

and heard the low growling of the lions, and every now and then the head of one of the lions appeared for an instant as he reared up to avoid the plunging hoofs. I was a bit nervous, being unused to lions, and of course alone as regards a second rifle, as none of my men had ever fired a gun. Still this was a lifetime's opportunity. Lions actually polishing off a buffalo—which I considered mine by all the laws of hunting—thereby saving me all further trouble, and now lying somewhere 200 yards off in the grass devouring my meat. So we crept up and finally could hear them crunching bones some 100 yards off in the grass. I sat down and waited, intending to let them fill up and become a little less lion-like. But luck was out, and I had hardly got settled when one got up and strolled out to have a look round, standing there broadside on about 120 yards off, with half his body visible over the grass. I had to fire, as he might well have bolted there and then, and his pal with him. So I stood up under his gaze and let off. As I fired he turned to face me, and the bullet to my horror raised dust, and I thought I had missed. He jumped sideways and gave me a second shot which hit home somewhere round his chest, and he crept off into a neighbouring thicket. Then up cropped number two's head from where he was lying feeding on the buffalo near by, the first shot apparently not being noticed. In an instant he saw me and ducked, and I saw his tail as he switched off. I was very annoyed at the look of things. Number one had not dropped, number two had not got any lead aboard at all. We then approached the corpse cautiously, and heard, some short way off ahead, the first lion growling in the grass, and withal, thank Heaven, a gurgle in his growl, that meant a lung wound. This pulled us up short; a whole series of yarns *re* charging lions flashed through my mind. Then away beyond the growling, which came from a patch of long grass on the edge of a deep valley, I caught sight of number two's ears and tail-tip as he crept back to investigate matters. Next moment he had got our wind, and raised himself to view us over the grass. I let off, at some eighty yards, at his chest and he disappeared, and then we retreated slowly as the growler seemed rather too close, and I took up our stand in the open short grass to await developments. The growling died down and we stood perhaps half an hour dead still, listening and waiting. Then I despatched a man to fetch twenty porters, partly to take home the buffalo, partly to help search for the lion. When the men came up we began a slow advance towards the ominous clump of

grass until we could hear, very faintly, the laboured breathing of wounded number one. This was no good, so I made a detour to try for a better view, and in doing so put a deep but narrow stream bed between us and the lion. Then operations flagged sadly. There was the grass clump with a wounded lion in the middle of it, twenty-seven men watching it, and nothing doing. Various enterprising porters climbed convenient trees and peered from their branches in vain attempts to locate him. No amount of tree climbing availed in any way, and no amount of neck-craneing and peering and walking this way and that. Then we returned to the first position and advanced again, slowly and cautiously, only to be checked by a warning growl and a glimpse through the grass of one yellow ear. Finally I deputed a batch of some ten men armed with heavy sticks to repeat our manoeuvres, bringing up, however, a little further off, while I and the rest stood in our second position across the little dip some fifty yards from where the lion lay. If this enabled me to get a glimpse of him broadside well and good; if not they were to throw a stone or two and see what happened. By now the men appeared to think the affair just a bit of a joke. Nothing had happened except a little growling. *Bwana* (myself) was there with a gun and a lot of cartridges. What about it? So they readily agreed. Well, they crept up and waited and nothing happened, not even a growl this time, and he had ceased his laboured breathing. I began to hope he might have died. On went the little mob of porters, step by step, sticks raised, ready for anything, but convinced that the lion was dead. A stone or two heaved into the grass produced no effect and increased their confidence. Suddenly the leader stopped, raised himself on tip-toe and pointed horror-stricken at something which we, across the ditch, could not see. The invaders retreated a step or two, and I waited breathless, certain that something was going to happen, and yet half thinking that they had merely spotted his dead body. Suddenly up he rose and charged straight at the wretched porters. He took me by surprise for an instant; then I put a shot into him somewhere forward. On he went roaring—mouth open, tail up—right at the heels of the poor foolish porters, who had actually stopped to see the result of the shot. I was acutely conscious of a dreadful tragedy just about to happen, and yet somehow felt things would pan out all right in the end. His pace was not what I expected of a charging lion, and he did not somehow fix on me the impression of irresistible rage which one connects with the king of

beasts out for trouble. Then he smacked at a porter and apparently knocked him over, just as my second shot got him. He paused, and off went the porter. Then on he went again, rocking a bit, and going slow, but still going and roaring, and down went porter number two right under him. I fired as he stood over the man, and it seemed to me all was over with the poor fellow. I shall recollect that lion standing—snarling over the something which I could not see for the grass, but which I knew to be one of my porters—as long as I live. The shot was terribly risky, but luckily it made another hole in the lion, and he swung away; and again, to my huge relief, off went the porter. This time the company was in full flight and joining their friends in various little trees hard by, and the lion limped off, roaring still, into a thicket some eighty yards off where I was standing. This time I knew he was done for, and went to see what I could do for the unfortunate porter. The first man had apparently fallen on his own account, and, barring a cut over the eye, was unhurt. The other man was howling steadily, and rocking himself to and fro, hugging his left arm and bewailing his fate. He had five deep puncture wounds around the right elbow, both in fore and upper arm, and two more on the left upper arm just below the shoulder, and a deep gash over the elbow. The left thumb was terribly lacerated. They were apparently all claw wounds, and the lion had not touched him with its teeth—a marvellous escape. I at once marched him home to camp, and put in some stitches, after copious application of carbolic and permanganate, and he seemed, considering everything, wonderfully comfortable. A present of 5s.—a sum equivalent to more than a month's pay—helped to make up a little for his bad luck. I then returned and found the trees still full of porters, who narrated wonderful stories of roaring and threatened sallies from the now silent thicket where the lion lay. The dark mass which they vehemently assured me was the lion's head turned out, from a telescopic investigation, to be a piece of tree, and I therefore inaugurated a scouting movement which, with systematic tree-climbing and the judicious throwing of stones would, I felt sure, result in the discovery of a dead lion. A reward of one rupee to the man who first discovered the animal stimulated them tremendously, and, sure enough, dead he was, lying, nose in the dust, facing our tree. A moment's search discovered lion number two a few yards down the slope, also dead, the bullet having gone clean through the length of his body. Both were fine, full-form males, with good

manes of the black variety. As regards the death of the buffalo the struggle was a short one. The only marks on the animal were two or three deep puncture wounds around the nose. It is possible that his wound, which was through both lungs, had just about finished him before the lion arrived. A glance at the dead lion explained his half-hearted attack on the coolies. He had a great gaping wound on one side, caused, I think, by my original shot glancing along his side as he turned to face me. In addition there were three bullet-holes in a row just behind the heart, and one through the flank. The long pause between the first shots and the arrival of the porters doubtless weakened him tremendously, and the charge was a last flicker. Then, too, the number of his assailants, and a raking cross fire at short range must have completely disconcerted him. He seemed not to know what to do with his victims, and having got them down left them immediately. What would have happened had his wounds had less time to sap his strength, Heaven knows. As a matter of fact, if the men had bolted, as I concluded they would, he would never have got to them. As it was, at first they suited their pace to their pursuer and kept just at the end of his nose, stopping at each shot to look round, and of course making shooting very risky. Having previously shot some very fine heads, I was out chiefly with the view of getting photographs of an animal difficult to fix with the camera. This came off successfully, with the unexpected addition of two lions, and a good buffalo in the flesh for my followers.

H. LYNDBURST DUKE.

THE WATER-BAILIFF'S WIFE.

ALL is not gold that glitters, and the heart of man—especially of woman—is unscrutable. The hearts of women enter at times even to the official ken of a battery commander in a frontier station, for a battery of artillery is a very complicated organism. My *lascar* orderly came to the door in my own bungalow and saluted.

'*Sahib*, a *shakhs*—a person—wishes to speak with you.'

'What sort of a person?'

'An old man, *sahib*. A countryman, a *zemindar*.'

'Let him come in.'

The Persian wheel droned as the bullock slowly trod his solemn round, and the drip-drip from the pots on the wheel belt sang sleep, sleep, cool and free from the morning labours from early dawn to long past midday. An old man shuffled round the corner, hastily doffed his slippers lest he should bring dust to the carpet, and salaamed low.

'Have I the permission of the Presence to speak?'

'Speak, on old gentleman!'

'My son is a driver in your Honour's world-famed battery.'

I had several Punjabi drivers in my world-famed battery. To a battery commander there is no suggestion of hyperbole in the Eastern epithet. The old man now stood four-square, his bow had been that of courtesy and respect, not of abasement. Handsome and tall and white-bearded, evidently a farmer of a good clan whose house had found soldiers for many generations. An Awān or a Mogul, perhaps, or one of the clans usually spoken of as 'Salt Rangers' from the great red hills between the Jhelum and the Indus that men call the Salt Range, because of the great caves from which the raw red rock-salt is hewn.

'What is your son's name?'

'Maula Baksh, your Honour.'

'Yes, I know Maula Baksh: a fine boy—one of my good ones.'

'Your Honour is gracious, but he is a fine boy, *sahib*, and I am in trouble about him.'

I was not surprised. Maula Baksh was a 'lad,' a fine rider, and a clean soldier, who had already come to words, and the floor of my orderly-room, with the cantonment police, also for telling the *naick* or corporal of drivers what he thought of him, which was true but not discipline.

'Maula Baksh, *huzoor*, is the apple of my eye, and I have arranged a good marriage for him, with a *zemindar's* daughter, for we Awāns are proud folk, and do not take from any and every source. Now this boy has picked up with some woman, from I know not where, and won't come home to be married and won't leave her.' This was, I admitted, from a paternal point of view, most undesirable. There was once a very famous old colonel of the 79th who believed in only one source of trouble, and whenever a soldier came before him in the orderly-room, banged his fist on the table, and shouted 'Send her to me!' Those were in the days of paternal chieftains and their own particular ways; I did not see my way to summoning the lady. However, I said that I would send for the son, and that he and his father should talk under my tamarisk-trees. While we waited, we talked of the crops and the plague and the great canal waters that were turning the plains round the Salt Range to a vast smiling garden. Maula Baksh soon came, and I sent them off to talk it over. Half an hour later they came up together, the son smiling, the good man gravely remarking that the son had promised to send the woman away and ask leave to come home to be married. Then suddenly kneeling, he placed his head on my feet, which was embarrassing, and murmured that I was his father and mother and born of a long line of princes. With typical English awkwardness I withdrew my feet and escaped from a situation I was constitutionally unfitted for, and father and son withdrew.

Maula Baksh did his work satisfactorily, and did not apply for furlough, and the episode had faded from my mind, when one morning as I rode up to my orderly-room, I found standing outside two native constables with a great big pink warrant in the hand of one, and standing beside them a horrible pock-marked scrub-bearded ogre. The quartermaster-sergeant came out and said it was a warrant for the arrest of Maula Baksh. The quartermaster-sergeant, be it explained, is a sort of intermediary between the major of a battery and all the native establishment, which works reasonably enough in the case of followers, but not well in the case of the fighting-men of the driver establishment. I went hurriedly to the seat of judgment in the orderly-room, and directed that the warrant should be formally presented to me. This was done with alacrity. There is a sort of standing feud between soldiers and police, and the latter, for no fair reason, are often rudely received.

The warrant demanded that one, Maula Baksh Awān, should be forthwith taken into custody on a duly sworn charge of eloping with the lawful wife of one Nabbi Baksh, water-bailiff of Shapur Kalan (the said pock-marked ogre). On the other side of the orderly-room to that at which I had entered, was a wide veranda in which the subalterns transacted their business with the men. There was a commotion outside, and I went to the door to see what it was about. An extremely handsome woman, in the rich-coloured blue cotton-cloth of the Punjab, lay prostrate at the feet of one of the subalterns, her arms round his ankles, looking up beseechingly into his face. Behind, stood Maula Baksh, somewhat sheepishly. The lady was persuaded to arise, and—there was no doubt about it—she was an extremely striking woman. Tall, of magnificent mould, with the carriage of a queen. Sympathy with Maula Baksh was rising. In a lordly way, I remarked that justice would be done, and, returning to the hall of audience, ordered that the police and Nabbi Baksh should enter and state their case. This they did succinctly enough, and Nabbi Baksh declared that his wife was in the lines. The police demanded the rendition of both. I then produced Maula Baksh and the lady, who stood before me with imploring eyes, that apparently craved delivery from the irate, injured, and entirely odious Nabbi Baksh. The situation was explained to Maula Baksh, how there was a warrant for his arrest and a husband looking for his wife. The soldier asked leave to state his case. A few months ago he had been coming back from leave home, and was awaiting a train at Lala Musa Junction. There he met the woman now before me, leaning out of a window. He had liked her jolly face and had passed her the time of day, to which she had responded. He had asked her whither she was going. She had said that she was bored to tears with her own home and husband and was making her way to Lahore to see life. He had said 'Why not come there with me and remain with me?' She had said she did not mind if she did, if he would be kind to her. So they had fixed it up accordingly, and he had grown very fond of her. It would be a great disgrace to him if she was taken from him, besides he had spent a lot of money on her clothes.

Here the constable stated that his instructions were, that if the woman was found and would return with her husband, the charge would be dropped. The ogre looked on and blinked his blear eyes, while the woman's beautiful speaking eyes seem to plead for delivery. Maula Baksh urged his cause well. The

quartermaster-sergeant had no suggestion to offer, and the sergeant-major stood to attention. Maula Baksh continued his pleading.

'*Sahib!* Do not let this woman be taken from me. She came to me of her own free will, and she wants to stay. Do not let her go back to that man who used to beat her and ill-treat her. My face will be blackened before all the world if this happens. *Sahib!* See how I have dressed her and given her bangles. Let her stay with me. Write to the Deputy Commissioner, *sahib*, and say she is mine. See! she does not want to go.' And Maula Baksh raised his hands in appeal. The ogre was still blinking, the police stood silent, and the woman still cast her eloquent eyes on me. I spoke to her.

'You have heard what this man has said. Will you remain with him?'

And then the skies fell in. Why or wherefore I know not. Perhaps the lady, seeing that retreat was out of the question, looked for a bridge of safety, or perhaps caprice, or perhaps something in his address had piqued her. Her answer came pat enough. Did I think that she was going to stay with an inferior driver like that, when her own kind good husband had come all this way to fetch her?—Never! She would go back with him at once to her own happy home. . . .

Maula Baksh—poor Maula Baksh! Never was a man so crumpled in so short a time. The police nodded approval, and the blear-eyed ogre blinked the more, and departed with his wife, who had now shrouded her shapely head in her shawl. The police indicated that the warrant might be withdrawn, and Maula Baksh left the room a freer and a sadder man.

G. F. MACMUNN.

' K.'

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.¹

CHAPTER XIV.

HIGH STAKES.

THE supper at the White Springs Hotel had not been the last supper Carlotta Harrison and Max Wilson had taken together. Carlotta had selected for her vacation a small town within easy motoring distance of the city, and two or three times during her two weeks off duty Wilson had gone out to see her. He liked being with her. She stimulated him. For once that he could see Sidney, he saw her twice.

She had kept the affair well in hand. She was playing for high stakes. She knew quite well the kind of man with whom she was dealing—that he would pay as little as possible. But she knew too that, let him want a thing enough, he would pay any price for it, even marriage.

She was very skilful. The very ardour in her face was in her favour. Behind her hot eyes lurked cold calculation. She would put the thing through, and show those puling nurses, with their pious eyes and evening prayers, a thing or two.

During that entire vacation he never saw her in anything more elaborate than the simplest of white dresses modestly open at the throat, sleeves rolled up to show her satiny arms. There were no other boarders at the little farmhouse. She sat for hours in the summer evenings, in the square yard filled with apple-trees that bordered the road, carefully posed over a book, but with her keen eyes always on the road. She read Browning, Emerson, Swinburne. Once he found her with a book that she hastily concealed. He insisted on it, and secured it. It was a book on brain surgery. Confronted with it, she blushed and dropped her eyes.

His delighted vanity found in it the most insidious of compliments, as she had intended.

'I feel such an idiot when I am with you,' she said. 'I wanted to know a little more about the things you do.'

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That put their relationship on a new and advanced basis. Thereafter he occasionally talked surgery instead of sentiment. He found her responsive, intelligent. His work, a sealed book to his women before, lay open to her.

Now and then their professional discussions ended in something different. The two lines of their interest converged.

'Gad!' he said one day. 'I look forward to these evenings. I can talk shop with you without either shocking or nauseating you. You are the most intelligent woman I know—and one of the prettiest.'

He had stopped the machine on the crest of a hill for the ostensible purpose of admiring the view.

'As long as you talk shop,' she said, 'I feel that there is nothing wrong in our being together; but when you say the other thing—'

'Is it wrong to tell a pretty woman you admire her?'

'Under our circumstances, yes.'

He twisted himself around in the seat and sat looking at her.

'The loveliest mouth in the world,' he said, and kissed her suddenly.

She had expected it for at least a week, but her surprise was well done. Well done also was her silence during the homeward ride.

No, she was not angry, she said. It was only that he had set her thinking. When she got out of the car, she bade him good night and good-bye. He only laughed.

'Don't you trust me?' he said, leaning out to her. She raised her dark eyes.

'It is not that. I do not trust myself.'

After that nothing would have kept him away, and she knew it.

Man demands both danger and play; therefore he selects woman as the most dangerous of toys. A spice of danger had entered into their relationship. It had become infinitely piquant.

He motored out to the farm the next day, to be told that Miss Harrison had gone for a long walk and had not said when she would be back. That pleased him. Evidently she was frightened. Every man likes to think that he is a bit of a devil. Doctor Max settled his tie, and, leaving his car outside the whitewashed fence, departed blithely on foot in the direction Carlotta had taken.

She knew her man, of course. He found her, face down, under a tree, looking pale and worn and bearing all the evidence of a severe mental struggle. She rose in confusion when she heard his step, and retreated a foot or two, with her hands out before her.

'How dare you?' she cried. 'How dare you follow me? I—I have got to have a little time alone. I have got to think things out.'

He knew it was play-acting, but rather liked it; and, because he was quite as skilful as she was, he struck a match on the trunk of the tree and lighted a cigarette before he answered.

'I was afraid of this,' he said, playing up. 'You take it entirely too hard. I am not really a villain, Carlotta.'

It was the first time he had used her name.

'Sit down and let us talk things over.'

She sat down at a safe distance, and looked across the little clearing to him with the sombre eyes that were her great asset.

'You can afford to be very calm,' she said, 'because this is only play to you. I know it. I've known it all along. I'm a good listener and not—unattractive. But what is play for you is not necessarily play for me. I am going away from here.'

For the first time, he found himself believing in her sincerity. Why, the girl was white. He didn't want to hurt her. If she cried—he was at the mercy of any woman who cried.

'Give up your training?'

'What else can I do? This sort of thing cannot go on, Dr. Max.'

She did cry then—real tears; and he went over beside her and took her in his arms.

'Don't do that,' he said. 'Please don't do that. You make me feel like a scoundrel, and I've only been taking a little bit of happiness. That's all. I swear it.'

She lifted her head from his shoulder.

'You mean you are happy with me?'

'Very, very happy,' said Dr. Max, and kissed her again on the lips.

The one element Carlotta had left out of her calculations was herself. She had known the man, had taken the situation at its proper value. But she had left out this important factor in the equation—that factor which in every relationship between man and woman determines the equation—the woman.

Into her calculating ambition had come a new and destroying element. She who, like K. in his little room on the Street, had put aside love and the things thereof, found that it would not be put aside. By the end of her short vacation Carlotta Harrison was wildly in love with the younger Wilson.

They continued to meet, not as often as before, but once a week perhaps. The meetings were full of danger now; and if for the girl they lost by this quality, they gained attraction for the man. She was shrewd enough to realise her own situation. The thing had gone wrong. She cared, and he did not. It was his game now, not hers.

All women are intuitive; women in love are dangerously so. As well as she knew that his passion for her was not the real thing, so also she realised that there was growing up in his heart something akin to the real thing for Sidney Page. Suspicion became certainty after a talk they had over the supper-table at a country road-house the day after Christine's wedding.

'How was the wedding—tiresome?' she asked.

'Thrilling! There's always something thrilling to me in a man tying himself up for life to one woman. It's—it's so reckless.'

Her eyes narrowed. 'That's not exactly the Law and the Prophets, is it?'

'It's the truth. To think of selecting out of all the world one woman, and electing to spend the rest of one's days with her! Although—'

His eyes looked past Carlotta into distance.

'Sidney Page was one of the bridesmaids,' he said irrelevantly. 'She was lovelier than the bride.'

'Pretty, but stupid,' said Carlotta. 'I like her. I've really tried to teach her things, but—you know—' She shrugged her shoulders.

Dr. Max was learning wisdom. If there was a twinkle in his eye, he veiled it discreetly. But, once again in the machine, he bent over and put his cheek against hers.

'You little cat! You're jealous,' he said exultantly.

Nevertheless, although he might smile, the image of Sidney lay very close to his heart those autumn days. And Carlotta knew it.

Sidney came off night duty the middle of November. The night duty had been a time of comparative peace to Carlotta. There were no evenings when Dr. Max could bring Sidney back to the hospital in his car.

Sidney's half-days at home were occasions for agonies of jealousy on Carlotta's part. On such an occasion, a month after the wedding, she could not contain herself. She pleaded her old excuse of headache, and took the trolley to a point near the end of the Street. After

twilight fell, she walked the length of the Street slowly. Christine and Palmer had not returned from their wedding journey. The November evening was not cold, and on the little balcony sat Sidney and Dr. Max. K. was there, too, had she only known it, sitting back in the shadow and saying little, his steady eyes on Sidney's profile.

But this Carlotta did not know. She went on down the Street in a frenzy of jealous anger.

After that two ideas ran concurrent in Carlotta's mind : one was to get Sidney out of the way ; the other was to make Wilson propose to her. In her heart she knew that on the first depended the second.

A week later she made the same frantic excursion, but with a different result. Sidney was not in sight, nor Wilson. But standing on the wooden door-step of the little house was Le Moyne. The alanthus trees were bare at that time, throwing gaunt arms upward to the November sky. The street lamps, which in the summer left the door-step in the shadow, now shone through the branches and threw into strong relief Le Moyne's tall figure and set face. Carlotta saw him too late to retreat. But he did not see her. She went on, startled, her busy brain scheming anew. Another element had entered into her plotting. It was the first time she had known that K. lived in the Page house. It gave her a sense of uncertainty and deadly fear.

She made her first friendly overture of many days to Sidney the following day. They met in the locker-room in the basement, where the street clothing for the ward patients was kept. Here, rolled in bundles and ticketed, side by side lay the heterogeneous garments in which the patients had met accident or illness. Rags and tidiness, filth and cleanliness, lay touching.

Far away on the other side of the whitewashed basement, men were unloading gleaming cans of milk. Floods of sunlight came down the cellar-way and touched their white coats, turning the cans to silver. Everywhere was the religion of the hospital, which is order.

Sidney, harking back from recent slights to the staircase conversations on her night duty, smiled at Carlotta cheerfully.

'A miracle is happening,' she said. 'Grace Irving is going out to-day. When one remembers how ill she was, and how we thought she could not live, it's rather a triumph, isn't it?'

'Are those her clothes?'

Sidney examined with some dismay the elaborate *négligé* garments in her hand.

'She can't go out in those; I shall have to lend her something.' A little of the light died out of her face. 'She's had a hard fight, and she has won,' she said. 'But when I think of what she's probably going back to——'

Carlotta shrugged her shoulders.

'It's all in the day's work,' she observed indifferently. 'You can take them up into the kitchen, or give them steady work paring potatoes, or put them in the laundry ironing; in the end it's the same thing. They all go back.'

She drew a package from the locker and looked at it ruefully.

'Well, what do you know about this? Here's a woman who came in a nightgown and a pair of slippers. And now she wants to go out in half an hour!'

She turned, on her way out of the locker-room, and shot a quick glance at Sidney.

'I happened to be on your Street the other night,' she said. 'You live across the street from Wilsons', don't you?'

'Yes.'

'I thought so; I had heard you speak of the house. Your—your brother was standing on the steps.'

Sidney laughed.

'I have no brother. That's a lodger, a Mr. Le Moyne. It isn't really right to call him a lodger; he's one of the family now.'

'Le Moyne!'

He had even taken another name. It had hit him hard, for sure.

K.'s name had struck an always responsive chord in Sidney. The two girls went toward the elevator together. With a very little encouragement, Sidney talked of K. She was pleased at Miss Harrison's friendly tone, glad that things were all right between them again. At her floor, she put a timid hand on the girl's arm.

'I was afraid I had offended you or displeased you,' she said. 'I'm so glad it isn't so.'

Carlotta shivered under her hand.

Things were not going any too well with K. True, he had received his promotion at the office, and with this present affluence of twenty-two dollars a week he was able to do several things. Mrs. Rosenfeld now washed and ironed one day a week at the little house, so that Katie might have more time to look after Anna.

He had increased also the amount of money that he periodically sent East.

So far, well enough. The thing that rankled and filled him with a sense of failure was Max Wilson's attitude. It was not unfriendly; it was, indeed, consistently respectful, almost reverential. But he clearly considered Le Moyne's position absurd.

There was no true comradeship between the two men; but there was beginning to be constant association, and lately a certain amount of friction. They thought differently about almost everything.

Wilson began to bring all his problems to Le Moyne. There were long consultations in that small upper room. Perhaps more than one man or woman who did not know of K.'s existence owed his life to him that fall.

Under K.'s direction, Max did marvels. Cases began to come in to him from the surrounding towns. To his own daring was added a new and remarkable technique. But Le Moyne, who had found resignation if not content, was once again in touch with the work he loved. There were times when, having thrashed a case out together and outlined the next day's work for Max, he would walk for hours into the night out over the hills, fighting his battle. The longing was on him to be in the thick of things again. The thought of the gas office and its deadly round sickened him.

It was on one of his long walks that K. found Tillie.

It was December then, grey and raw, with a wet snow that changed to rain as it fell. The country roads were ankle-deep with mud, the wayside paths thick with sodden leaves. The dreariness of the countryside that Saturday afternoon suited his mood. He had ridden to the end of the street-car line, and started his walk from there. As was his custom, he wore no overcoat, but a short sweater under his coat. Somewhere along the road he had picked up a mongrel dog, and, as if in sheer desire for human society, it trotted companionably at his heels.

Seven miles from the end of the car line he found a road-house and stepped in for a glass of Scotch. He was chilled through. The dog went in with him, and stood looking up into his face. It was as if he submitted, but wondered why this indoors, with the scents of the road ahead and the trails of rabbits over the fields.

The house was set in a valley at the foot of two hills. Through the mist of the December afternoon, it had loomed pleasantly before him. The door was ajar, and he stepped into a small hall

covered with ingrain carpet. To the right was the dining-room, the table covered with a white cloth, and in its exact centre an uncompromising bunch of dried flowers. To the left, the typical parlour of such places. It might have been the parlour of the White Springs Hotel in duplicate, plush self-rocker and all. Over everything was silence and a pervading smell of fresh varnish. The house was aggressive with new paint—the sagging old floors shone with it, the doors gleamed.

'Hullo!' called K.

There were slow footsteps upstairs, the closing of a bureau drawer, the rustle of a woman's dress coming down the stairs. K., standing uncertainly on a carpet oasis that was the centre of the parlour varnish, stripped off his sweater.

'Not very busy here this afternoon!' he said to the unseen female on the staircase. Then he saw her. It was Tillie. She put a hand against the door-frame to steady herself. Tillie surely, but a new Tillie! With her hair loosened around her face, a fresh blue chintz dress open at the throat, a black velvet bow on her breast, here was a Tillie fuller, infinitely more attractive, than he had remembered her. But she did not smile at him. There was something about her eyes not unlike the dog's expression, submissive but questioning.

'Well, you've found me, Mr. Le Moyne.' And when he held out his hand, smiling: 'I just had to do it, Mr. K.'

'And how's everything going? You look mighty fine, and—happy, Tillie.'

'I'm all right. Mr. Schwitter's gone to the post-office. He'll be back at five. Will you have a cup of tea, or will you have something else?'

The instinct of the Street was still strong in Tillie. The Street did not approve of something else.

'Scotch-and-soda,' said Le Moyne. 'And shall I buy a ticket for you to punch?'

But she only smiled faintly. He was sorry he had made the blunder. Evidently the Street and all that pertained to it was a sore subject.

So this was Tillie's new home! It was for this that she had exchanged the virginal integrity of her life at Mrs. McKee's—for this wind-swept little house, tidily ugly, infinitely lonely. There were two crayon enlargements over the mantel. One was Schwitter, evidently. The other was the paper-doll wife. K. wondered what

curious instinct of good taste had caused Tillie to leave the wife there undisturbed. Back of its position of honour he saw the girl's realisation of her own situation. On a wooden shelf, exactly between the two pictures, was another vase of dried flowers.

Tillie brought the Scotch, already mixed, in a tall glass. K. would have preferred to mix it himself, but the Scotch was good. He felt a new respect for Mr. Schwitter.

'You gave me a turn at first,' said Tillie. 'But I am right glad to see you, Mr. Le Moyne. Now that the roads are bad, nobody comes very much. It's lonely.'

Until now, K. and Tillie, when they met, had met conversationally on the common ground of food. They no longer had that, and between them both there lay like a barrier their last conversation.

'Are you happy, Tillie?' said K. suddenly.

'I expected you'd ask me that. I've been thinking what to say.'

Her reply set him watching her face. More attractive it certainly was, but happy? There was a wistfulness about Tillie's mouth that set him wondering.

'Is he good to you?'

'He's about the best man on earth. He's never said a cross word to me—even at first, when I was panicky and scared at every sound.'

Le Moyne nodded understandingly.

'I burned a lot of victuals when I first came, running off and hiding when I heard people around the place. It used to seem to me that what I'd done was written on my face. But he never said a word.'

'That's over now?'

'I don't run. I am still frightened.'

'Then it has been worth while?'

Tillie glanced up at the two photographs over the mantel.

'Sometimes it is—when he comes in tired, and I've a chicken ready, or some fried ham and eggs for his supper, and I see him begin to look rested. He lights his pipe, and many an evening he helps me with the dishes. He's happy; he's getting fat.'

'But you?' Le Moyne persisted.

'I wouldn't go back to where I was, but I am not happy, Mr. Le Moyne. There's no use pretending. I want a baby. All along I've wanted a baby. He wants one. This place is his, and he'd like a boy to come into it when he's gone. But, my God! if I did have one, what would it be?'

K.'s eyes followed hers to the picture and the everlastings underneath.

'And she—there isn't any prospect of her——?'

'No.'

There was no solution to Tillie's problem. Le Moyne, standing on the hearth and looking down at her, realised that, after all, Tillie must work out her own salvation. He could offer her no comfort.

They talked far into the growing twilight of the afternoon. Tillie was hungry for news of the Street: must know of Christine's wedding, of Harriet, of Sidney in her hospital. And when he had told her all she sat silent, rolling her handkerchief in her fingers. Then:

'Take the four of us,' she said suddenly,—'Christine Lorenz and Sidney Page and Miss Harriet and me,—and which one would you have picked to go wrong like this? I guess, from the looks of things, most folks would have thought it would be the Lorenz girl. They'd have picked Harriet Kennedy for the hospital, and me for the dressmaking, and it would have been Sidney Page that got married and had an automobile. Well, that's life.'

She looked up at K. shrewdly.

'There were some people out here lately. They didn't know me, and I heard them talking. They said Sidney Page was going to marry Dr. Max Wilson.'

'Possibly. I believe there is no engagement yet.'

He had finished with his glass. Tillie rose to take it away. As she stood before him she looked up into his face.

'If you like her as well as I think you do, Mr. Le Moyne, you won't let him get her.'

'I am afraid that's not up to me, is it? What would I do with a wife, Tillie?'

'You'd be faithful to her. That's more than he would be. I guess, in the long run, that would count more than money.'

That was what K. took home with him after his encounter with Tillie. He pondered it on his way back to the street car, as he struggled against the wind. The weather had changed. Wagon-tracks along the road were filled with water and had begun to freeze. The rain had turned to a driving sleet that cut his face. Half-way to the trolley line, the dog turned off into a by-road. K. did not miss him. The dog stared after him, one foot raised from the by-road. Once again his eyes were like Tillie's. She had waved good-bye from the porch.

His head sunk on his breast, K. covered miles of road with his long, swinging pace, and fought his battle. Was Tillie right, after all, and had he been wrong? Why should he efface himself, if it meant Sidney's unhappiness? Why not accept Wilson's offer and start over again? Then, if things went well—the temptation was strong that stormy afternoon. He put it from him at last, because of the conviction that whatever he did would make no change in Sidney's ultimate decision. If she cared enough for Wilson, she would marry him. He felt that she cared enough.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT INJUSTICE.

PALMER and Christine returned from their wedding trip the day K. discovered Tillie. Anna Page made much of the arrival, insisted on dinner for them that night at the little house, must help Christine unpack her trunks and arrange her wedding gifts about the apartment. She was brighter than she had been for days, more interested. The wonders of the trousseau filled her with admiration and a sort of jealous envy for Sidney, who could have none of these things. In a pathetic sort of way, she mothered Christine in lieu of her own daughter.

And it was her quick eye that discerned something wrong. Christine was not quite happy. Under her excitement was an undercurrent of reserve. Anna, rich in maternity if in nothing else, felt it, and in reply to some speech of Christine's that struck her as hard, not quite fitting, she gave her a gentle admonishing.

'Married life takes a little adjusting, my dear,' she said. 'After we have lived to ourselves for a number of years, it is not easy to live for someone else.'

Christine straightened from the tea-table she was arranging.

'That's true, of course. But why should the woman do all the adjusting?'

'Men are more set,' said poor Anna, who had never been set in anything in her life. 'It is harder for them to give in. And, of course, Palmer is older, and his habits——'

'The less said about Palmer's habits the better,' flashed Christine. 'I appear to have married a bunch of habits.'

She gave over her unpacking, and sat down listlessly by the fire, while Anna moved about, busy with the small activities that delighted her.

Six weeks of Palmer's society in unlimited amounts had bored Christine to distraction. She sat with folded hands and looked into a future that seemed to include nothing but Palmer: Palmer asleep with his mouth open; Palmer shaving before breakfast, and irritable until he had had his coffee; Palmer yawning over the newspaper.

And there was a darker side to the picture than that. There was a vision of Palmer slipping quietly into his room and falling into the heavy sleep, not of drunkenness perhaps, but of drink. That had happened twice. She knew now that it would happen again and again, as long as he lived. Drinking leads to other things. The letter she had received on her wedding day was burned into her brain. There would be that in the future too, probably.

Christine was not without courage. She was making a brave clutch at happiness. But that afternoon of the first day at home she was terrified. She was glad when Anna went and left her alone by her fire.

But, when she heard a step in the hall, she opened the door herself. She had determined to meet Palmer with a smile. Tears brought nothing; she had learned that already. Men liked smiling women and good cheer. 'Daughters of joy,' they called girls like the one on the Avenue. So she opened the door smiling.

But it was K. in the hall. She waited while, with his back to her, he shook himself like a great dog. When he turned, she was watching him.

'You!' said Le Moyne. 'Why, welcome home.'

He smiled down at her, his kindly eyes lighting.

'It's good to be home and to see you again. Won't you come in to my fire?

'I'm wet.'

'All the more reason why you should come,' she cried gaily, and held the door wide.

The little parlour was cheerful with fire and soft lamps, bright with silver vases full of flowers. K. stepped inside and took a critical survey of the room.

'Well!' he said. 'Between us we have made a pretty good job of this, I with the paper and the wiring, and you with your pretty furnishings and your pretty self.'

He glanced at her appreciatively. Christine saw his approval, and was happier than she had been for weeks. She put on the thousand little airs and graces that were a part of her—held her chin high, looked up at him with the little appealing glances that she had found were wasted on Palmer. She lighted the spirit-lamp to make tea, drew out the best chair for him, and patted a cushion with her own well-cared-for hands.

'A big chair for a big man!' she said. 'And see, here's a footstool.'

'I am ridiculously fond of being babied,' said K., and quite basked in his new atmosphere of well-being. This was better than his empty room upstairs, than tramping along country roads, than his own thoughts.

'And now, how is everything?' asked Christine from across the fire. 'Do tell me all the scandal of the Street.'

'There has been no scandal since you went away,' said K. And, because each was glad not to be left to their own thoughts, they laughed at this bit of unconscious humour.

'Seriously,' said Le Moyne, 'we have been very quiet. I have had my salary raised and am now rejoicing in twenty-two dollars a week. I am still not accustomed to it. Just when I had all my ideas fixed for fifteen, I get twenty-two and have to reassemble them. I am disgustingly rich.'

'It is very disagreeable when one's income becomes a burden,' said Christine gravely.

She was finding in Le Moyne something that she needed just then—a solidity, a sort of dependability, that had nothing to do with heaviness. She felt that here was a man she could trust, almost confide in. She liked his long hands, his shabby but well-cut clothes, his fine profile with its strong chin. She left off her little affectations—a tribute to his own lack of them—and sat back in her chair, watching the fire.

When K. chose, he could talk well. The Howes had been to Bermuda on their wedding trip. He knew Bermuda; that gave them a common ground. Christine relaxed under his steady voice. As for K., he frankly enjoyed the little visit—drew himself at last with regret out of his chair.

'You've been very nice to ask me in, Mrs. Howe,' he said. 'I hope you will allow me to come again. But, of course, you are going to be very gay.'

It seemed to Christine she would never be gay again. She

did not want him to go away. The sound of his deep voice gave her a sense of security. She liked the clasp of the hand he held out to her, when at last he made a move towards the door.

'Tell Mr. Howe I am sorry he missed our little party,' said Le Moyne. 'And—thank you.'

'Will you come again?' asked Christine rather wistfully.

'Just as often as you ask me.'

As he closed the door behind him, there was a new light in Christine's eyes. After all, things were not right, but they were not hopeless. One might still have friends, big and strong, steady of eye and voice. When Palmer came home, the smile she gave him was not forced.

The day's exertion had been bad for Anna. Le Moyne found her on the couch in the transformed sewing-room, and gave her a quick glance of apprehension. She was propped up high with pillows, with a bottle of aromatic ammonia beside her.

'Just—short of breath,' she panted. 'I—I must get down. Sidney—is coming home—to supper; and—the others—Palmer and—'

That was as far as she got. K., watch in hand, found her pulse thin, stringy, irregular. He had been prepared for some such emergency, and he hurried into his room for amyl-nitrite. When he came back she was almost unconscious. There was no time even to call Katie. He broke the capsule in a towel, and held it over her face. After a time the spasm relaxed, but her condition remained alarming.

Harriet, who had come home by that time, sat by the couch and held her sister's hand. Only once in the next hour or so did she speak. They had sent for Dr. Ed, but he had not come yet. Harriet was too wretched to notice the professional manner in which K. set to work over Anna.

'I've been a very hard sister to her,' she said. 'If you can pull her through, I'll try to make up for it.'

Christine sat on the stairs outside, frightened and helpless. They had sent for Sidney; but the little house had no telephone, and the message was slow in getting off.

At six o'clock Dr. Ed came panting up the stairs and into the room. K. stood back.

'Well, this is sad, Harriet,' said Dr. Ed. 'Why in the name of Heaven, when I wasn't around, didn't you get another doctor? If she had had some amyl-nitrite—'

'I gave her some nitrite of amyl,' said K. quietly. 'There was really no time to send for anybody. She almost went under at half-past five.'

Max had kept his word, and even Dr. Ed did not suspect K.'s secret. He gave a quick glance at this tall young man who spoke so quietly of what he had done for the sick woman, and went on with his work.

Sidney arrived a little after six, and from that moment the confusion in the sick-room was at an end. She moved Christine from the stairs, where Katie on her numerous errands must crawl over her; set Harriet to warming her mother's bed and getting it ready; opened windows, brought order and quiet. And then, with death in her eyes, she took up her position beside her mother. This was no time for weeping; that would come later. Once she turned to K., standing watchfully beside her.

'I think you have known this for a long time,' she said. And, when he did not answer: 'Why did you let me stay away from her? It would have been such a little time!'

'We were trying to do our best for both of you,' he replied.

Anna was unconscious and sinking fast. One thought obsessed Sidney. She repeated it over and over. It came as a cry from the depths of the girl's new experience.

'She has had so little of life,' she said, over and over. 'So little! Just this Street. She never knew anything else.'

And finally K. took it up.

'After all, Sidney,' he said, 'the Street *is* life; the world is only many streets. She had a great deal. She had love and content, and she had you.'

Anna died a little after midnight, a quiet passing, so that only Sidney and the two men knew when she went away. It was Harriet who collapsed. During all that long evening she had sat looking back over years of small unkindnesses. The thorn of Anna's inefficiency had always rankled in her flesh. She had been hard, uncompromising, thwarted. And now it was for ever too late.

K. had watched Sidney carefully. Once he thought she was fainting, and went to her. But she shook her head.

'I am all right. Do you think you could get them all out of the room and let me have her alone for just a few minutes?'

He cleared the room, and took up his vigil outside the door. And, as he stood there, he thought of what he had said to Sidney about the Street. It was a world of its own. Here in this very

house was death and separation ; Harriet's starved life ; Christine and Palmer beginning a long and doubtful future together ; himself, a failure and an impostor.

When he opened the door again, Sidney was standing by her mother's bed. He went to her, and she turned and put her head against his shoulder like a tired child.

'Take me away, K.,' she said pitifully. And, with his arm around her, he led her out of the room.

Outside of her small immediate circle Anna's death was hardly felt. The little house went on much as before. Harriet carried back to her business a heaviness of spirit that made it difficult to bear, with the small irritations of her day. Perhaps Anna's incapacity, that had always annoyed her, had been physical. She must have had her trouble a long time. She remembered other women of the Street who had crept through inefficient days, and had at last laid down their burdens and closed their mild eyes, to the lasting astonishment of their families. What did they think about, these women, as they potted about ? Did they resent the impatience that met their lagging movements, the indifference that would not see how they were failing ? Hot tears fell on Harriet's fashion-book as it lay on her knee, not only for Anna—for Anna's prototypes everywhere.

On Sidney—and in less measure, of course, on K.—fell the real brunt of the disaster. Sidney kept up well until after the funeral, but went down the next day with a low fever.

'Overwork and grief,' Dr. Ed said, and sternly forbade the hospital again until Christmas. Morning and evening, K. stopped at her door and inquired for her, and morning and evening came Sidney's reply :

'Much better. I'll surely be up to-morrow.'

But the days dragged on and she did not get about.

Downstairs Christine and Palmer had entered on the round of midwinter gaieties. Palmer's 'crowd' was a lively one. There were dinners and dances, week-end excursions to country houses. The Street grew accustomed to seeing automobiles stop before the little house at all hours of the night. Johnny Rosenfeld, driving Palmer's car, took to falling asleep at the wheel in broad daylight, and voiced his discontent to his mother.

'You never know where you are with them guys,' he said briefly. 'We start out for half an hour's run in the evening, and get home with the milk-wagons. And the more some of them have had

to drink, the more they want to drive the machine. If I get a chance, I'm going to beat it while the wind's my way.'

But, talk as he might, in Johnny Rosenfeld's loyal heart there was no thought of desertion. Palmer had given him a man's job, and he would stick by it, no matter what came.

There were some things that Johnny Rosenfeld did not tell his mother. There were evenings when the Howe car was filled, not with Christine and her friends, but with women of a different world; evenings when the destination was not a country estate, but a road-house; evenings when Johnny Rosenfeld, ousted from the driver's seat by some drunken youth, would hold tight to the swinging car and say such fragments of prayers as he could remember. Johnny Rosenfeld, who had started life with few illusions, was in danger of losing such as he had.

One such night Christine put in, lying wakefully in her bed, while the clock on the mantel tolled hour after hour into the night. Palmer did not come home at all. He sent a note from the office in the morning ;

'I hope you are not worried, darling. The car broke down near the Country Club last night, and there was nothing to do but to spend the night there. I would have sent you word, but I did not want to rouse you. What do you say to the theatre to-night and supper afterward?'

Christine was learning. She telephoned the Country Club that morning, and found that Palmer had not been there. But, although she knew now that he was deceiving her, as he always had deceived her, as probably he always would, she hesitated to confront him with what she knew. She shrank, as many a woman has shrunk before, from confronting him with his lie.

But the second time it happened she was roused. It was almost Christmas then, and Sidney was well on the way to recovery, thinner and very white, but going slowly up and down the staircase on K.'s arm, and sitting with Harriet and K. at the dinner-table. She was begging to be back on duty for Christmas, and K. felt that he would have to give her up soon.

At three o'clock one morning Sidney roused from a light sleep to hear a rapping on her door.

'Is that you, Aunt Harriet?' she called.

'It's Christine. May I come in?'

Sidney unlocked her door. Christine slipped into the room.

She carried a candle, and before she spoke she looked at Sidney's watch on the bedside table.

'I hoped my clock was wrong,' she said. 'I am sorry to waken you, Sidney, but I don't know what to do.'

'Are you ill?'

'No. Palmer has not come home.'

'What time is it?'

'After three o'clock.'

Sidney had lighted the gas and was throwing on her dressing-gown.

'When he went out did he say——'

'He said nothing. We had been quarrelling. Sidney, I am going home in the morning.'

'You don't mean that, do you?'

'Don't I look as if I mean it? How much of this sort of thing is a woman supposed to endure?'

'Perhaps he has been delayed. These things always seem terrible in the middle of the night, but by morning——'

Christine whirled on her.

'This isn't the first time. You remember the letter I got on my wedding day?'

'Yes.'

'He's gone back to her.'

'Christine! Oh, I am sure you're wrong. He's devoted to you. I don't believe it!'

'Believe it or not,' said Christine doggedly, 'that's exactly what has happened. I got something out of that little rat of a Rosenfeld boy, and the rest I know because I know Palmer. He's out with her to-night.'

The hospital had taught Sidney one thing: that it took many people to make a world, and that out of these some were inevitably vicious. But vice had remained for her a clear abstraction. There were such people, and because one was in the world for service one cared for them. Even the Saviour had been kind to the woman of the streets.

But here abruptly Sidney found the great injustice of the world—that because of this vice the good suffer more than the wicked. Her young spirit rose in hot rebellion.

'It isn't fair!' she cried. 'It makes me hate all the men in the world. Palmer cares for you, and yet he can do a thing like this!'

Christine was pacing nervously up and down the room. Mere companionship had soothed her. She was now, on the surface at least, less excited than Sidney.

'They are not all like Palmer, thank Heaven,' she said. 'There are decent men. My father is one, and your K., here in the house, is another.'

At four o'clock in the morning Palmer Howe came home. Christine met him in the lower hall. He was rather pale, but entirely sober. She confronted him in her straight white gown and waited for him to speak.

'I am sorry to be so late, Chris,' he said. 'The fact is, I am all in. I was driving the car out Seven Mile Run. We blew out a tyre, and the thing turned over.'

Christine noticed then that his right arm was hanging inert by his side.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOMEBODY PAYS.

YOUNG Howe had been firmly resolved to give up all his bachelor habits with his wedding day. In his indolent, rather selfish way, he was much in love with his wife.

But with the inevitable misunderstandings of the first months of marriage had come a desire to be appreciated once again at his face value. Grace had taken him, not for what he was, but for what he seemed to be. With Christine the veil was rent. She knew him now—all his small indolences, his affectations, his weaknesses. Later on, like other women since the world began, she would learn to dissemble, to affect to believe him what he was not.

Grace had learned this lesson long ago. It was the *abc* of her knowledge. And so back to Grace six weeks after his wedding day came Palmer Howe, not with a suggestion to renew the old relationship, but for comradeship.

Christine sulked—he wanted good cheer; Christine was intolerant—he wanted tolerance; she disapproved of him and showed her disapproval—he wanted approval. He wanted life to be comfortable and cheerful, without recriminations, a little work and much play, a drink when one was thirsty. Distorted though it was, and founded on a wrong basis perhaps deep in his heart

Palmer's only longing was for happiness; but this happiness must be of an active sort—not content, which is passive, but enjoyment.

'Come on out,' he said. 'I've got a car now. No taxi working its head off for us. Just a little run over the country roads, eh?'

It was the afternoon of the day before Christine's night visit to Sidney. The office had been closed, owing to a death, and Palmer was in possession of a holiday.

'Come on,' he coaxed. 'We'll go out to the Climbing Rose and have supper.'

'I don't want to go.'

'That's not true, Grace, and you know it.'

'You and I are through.'

'It's your doing, not mine. The roads are frozen hard; an hour's run into the country will bring your colour back.'

'Much you care about that. Go and ride with your wife,' said the girl, and flung away from him.

The last few weeks had filled out her thin figure, but she still bore traces of her illness. Her short hair had been curled over her head. She looked curiously boyish, almost sexless.

Because she saw him wince when she mentioned Christine, her ill temper increased. She showed her teeth.

'You get out of here,' she said suddenly. 'I didn't ask you to come back. I don't want you.'

'Good heavens, Grace! You always knew I would have to marry some day.'

'I was sick; I nearly died. I didn't hear any reports of you hanging around the hospital to learn how I was getting along.'

He laughed rather sheepishly.

'I had to be careful. You know that as well as I do. I know half the staff there. Besides, one of——' He hesitated over his wife's name. 'A girl I knew very well was in the training school. There would have been the devil to pay if I'd as much as called up.'

'You never told me you were going to get married.'

Cornered, he slipped an arm around her. But she shook him off.

'I meant to tell you, honey; but you got sick. Anyhow, I—I hated to tell you, honey.'

He had furnished the little flat for her. There was a comfortable feeling of coming home about going there again. And,

now that the worst minute of their meeting was over, he was visibly happier. But Grace continued to stand eyeing him sombrely.

'I've got something to tell you,' she said. 'Don't have a fit, and don't laugh. If you do, I'll—I'll jump out of the window. I've got a place in a store. I'm going to be straight, Palmer.'

'Good for you!'

He meant it. She was a nice girl, and he was fond of her. The other was a dog's life. And he was not unselfish about it. She could not belong to him. He did not want her to belong to anyone else.

'One of the nurses in the hospital, a Miss Page, has got me something to do at Linton and Hofburg's. I am going on for the January white sale. If I make good they will keep me.'

He had put her aside without a qualm. And now he met her announcement with approval. He meant to let her alone. They would have a holiday together, and then they would say good-bye. And she had not fooled him. She still cared. He was getting off well, all things considered. She might have raised a row.

'Good work!' he said. 'You'll be a lot happier. But that isn't any reason why we shouldn't be friends, is it? Just friends; I mean that. I would like to feel that I can step in now and then and say "How do you do?"'

'I promised Miss Page.'

'Never mind Miss Page.'

The mention of Sidney's name brought up in his mind Christine as he had left her that morning. He scowled. Things were not going well at home. There was something wrong with Christine. She used to be a good sport, but she had never been the same since the day of the wedding. He thought her attitude towards him was one of suspicion. It made him uncomfortable. But any attempt on his part to fathom it only met with cold silence. That had been her attitude that morning.

'I'll tell you what we will do,' he said. 'We won't go to any of the old places. I've found a new road-house in the country that's respectable enough to suit anybody. We will go out to Schwitter's and get some dinner. I'll promise to get you back early. How's that?'

In the end she gave in. And on the way out he lived up to the letter of their agreement. The situation exhilarated him. Grace with her new air of virtue, her new aloofness; his comfortable car; Johnny Rosenfeld's discreet back and alert ears.

The adventure had all the thrill of new conquest in it. He treated the girl with deference, did not insist when she refused a cigarette, felt glowingly virtuous and exultant at the same time.

When the car drew up before the Schwitter place, he slipped a five-dollar bill into Johnny Rosenfeld's not over-clean hand.

'I don't mind the ears,' he said. 'Just watch your tongue, lad.' And Johnny stalled his engine in sheer surprise.

'There's just enough of the Jew in me,' said Johnny, 'to know how to talk a lot and say nothing, Mr. Howe.'

He crawled stiffly out of the car and prepared to crank it.

'I'll just give her the "once over" now and then,' he said. 'She'll freeze solid if I let her stand.'

Grace had gone up the narrow path to the house. She had the gift of looking well in her clothes, and her small hat with its long quill and her motor-coat were *chic* and becoming. She never overdressed, as Christine was inclined to do.

Fortunately for Palmer, Tillie did not see him. A heavy German maid waited at the table in the dining-room, while Tillie baked waffles in the kitchen.

Johnny Rosenfeld, going around the side path to the kitchen door with visions of hot coffee for his frozen stomach and a country supper, saw her through the window bending flushed over the stove, and hesitated. Then, without a word, he tiptoed back to the car again, and, crawling into the tonneau, covered himself with rugs. In his untutored mind were certain great qualities, and loyalty to his employer was one. The five dollars in his pocket had nothing whatever to do with it.

At eighteen he had developed a philosophy of four words. It took the place of the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, and the Catechism. It was: 'Mind your own business.'

The discovery of Tillie's hiding-place interested but did not thrill him. Tillie was his cousin. If she wanted to do the sort of thing she was doing, that was her affair. Tillie and her middle-aged lover, Palmer Howe and Grace—the alley was not unfamiliar with such relationships. It viewed them with tolerance until they were found out, when it raised its hands.

True to his promise, Palmer wakened the sleeping boy before nine o'clock. Grace had eaten little and drunk nothing; but Howe was slightly stimulated.

'Give her the "once over,"' he told Johnny, 'and then go back and crawl into the rugs again. I'll drive in.'

Grace sat beside him. Their progress was slow and rough over the country roads, but when they reached the machine Howe threw open the throttle. He drove well. The liquor was in his blood. He took chances and got away with them, laughing at the girl's gasps of dismay.

'Wait until I get beyond Simkinsville,' he said, 'and I'll let her out. You're going to travel to-night, honey.'

The girl sat beside him with her eyes fixed ahead. He had been drinking, and the warmth of the liquor was in his voice. She was determined on one thing. She was going to make him live up to the letter of his promise to go away at the house door; and more and more she realised that it was going to be difficult. His mood was reckless, masterful. Instead of laughing when she drew back from a proffered caress, he turned surly. Obstinate lines that she remembered appeared from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth. She was uneasy.

Finally she hit on a plan to make him stop somewhere in her neighbourhood and let her get out of the car. She would not come back after that.

There was another car going towards the city. Now it passed them, and as often they passed it. It became a contest of wits. Palmer's car lost on the hills, but gained on the long level stretches gleaming with a coating of thin ice.

'I wish you'd let them get ahead, Palmer. It's silly and it's reckless.'

'I told you we'd travel to-night.'

He turned a little glance at her. What the deuce was the matter with women, anyhow? Were none of them cheerful any more? Here was Grace as sober as Christine. He felt outraged, defrauded.

His light car skidded and struck the big car heavily. On the smooth road perhaps nothing more serious than broken mudguards would have been the result. But on the ice the small car slewed around and slid over the edge of the bank. At the bottom of the declivity the car turned over.

Grace was flung clear of the wreckage. Howe freed himself and stood erect, with one arm hanging at his side. There was no sound at all from the boy under the tonneau.

The big car had stopped. Down the bank plunged a heavy, gorilla-like figure, long arms pushing aside the frozen branches of trees. When he reached the car, O'Hara found Grace sitting

unhurt on the ground. In the wreck of the car the lamps had not been extinguished, and by their light he made out Howe, swaying dizzily.

'Anybody underneath?'

'The chauffeur. He's dead, I think. He doesn't answer.'

The other members of O'Hara's party had crawled down the bank by that time. With the aid of a jack, they got the car up. Johnny Rosenfeld lay doubled on his face underneath. When he came to and opened his eyes, Grace almost shrieked her relief.

'I'm all right,' said Johnny Rosenfeld. And when they offered him whisky: 'Away with the fire-water. I am no drinker. I—I——' A spasm of pain twisted his face. 'I guess I'll get up.' With his arms he lifted himself to a sitting position, and fell back again.

'God!' he said. 'I can't move my legs.'

CHAPTER XVII.

HE IS BORN.

By Christmas Day Sidney was back in the hospital, a little wan, but valiantly determined to keep her life to its mark of service. She had a talk with K. the night before she left.

Katie was out, and Sidney had put the dining-room in order. K. sat by the table and watched her as she moved about the room.

The past few weeks had been very wonderful to him: to help her up and down the stairs, to read to her in the evenings as she lay on the couch in the sewing-room; later, as she improved, to bring small dainties home for her tray, and, having stood over Katie while she cooked them, to bear them in triumph in that upper room—he had not been so happy in years.

And now it was over. He drew a long breath.

'I hope you don't feel as if you must stay on,' she said anxiously. 'Not that we don't want you—you know better than that.'

'There is no place else in the whole world that I want to go to,' he said simply.

'I seem to be always relying on somebody's kindness to—keep things together. First, for years and years, it was Aunt Harriet; now it is you.'

'Don't you realise that, instead of your being grateful to me, it is I who am undeniably grateful to you? This is home now. I have lived around—in different places and in different ways. I would rather be here than anywhere else in the world.'

But he did not look at her. There was so much that was hopeless in his eyes that he did not want her to see. She would be quite capable, he told himself savagely, of marrying him out of sheer pity if she ever guessed. And he was afraid—afraid, since he wanted her so much—that he would be fool and weakling enough to take her, even on those terms. So he looked away.

Everything was ready for her return to the hospital. She had been out that day to put flowers on the quiet grave where Anna lay with folded hands; she had made her round of little visits on the Street; and now her suit-case, packed, was in the hall.

'In one way, it will be a little better for you than if Christine and Palmer were not in the house. You like Christine, don't you?'

'Very much.'

'She likes you, K. She depends on you, too, especially since that night when you took care of Palmer's arm before we got Dr. Max. I often think, K., what a good doctor you would have been. You knew so well what to do for mother.'

She broke off. She still could not trust her voice about her mother.

'Palmer's arm is going to be quite straight. Dr. Ed is so proud of Max over it. It was a bad fracture.'

He had been waiting for that. Once at least, whenever they were together, she brought Max into the conversation. She was quite unconscious of it.

'You and Max are great friends. I knew you would like him. He is interesting, don't you think?'

'Very,' said K.

To save his life, he could not put any warmth into his voice. He would be fair. It was not in human nature to expect more of him.

'Those long talks you have, shut in your room—what in the world do you talk about? Politics?'

'Occasionally.'

She was a little jealous of those evenings, when she sat alone, or when Harriet, sitting with her, made sketches under the lamp to the accompaniment of a steady hum of masculine voices from

across the hall. Not that she was ignored, of course. Max came in always, before he went, and, leaning over the back of a chair, would inform her of the absolute blankness of life in the hospital without her.

'I go every day because I must,' he would assure her gaily; 'but, I tell you, the snap is gone out of it. When there was a chance that every cap was *your* cap, the mere progress along a corridor became thrilling.' He had a foreign trick of throwing out his hands, with a little shrug of the shoulders. '*Cui bono?*' he said—which, being translated, means: 'What the devil's the use?'

And K. would stand in the doorway, quietly smoking, or go back to his room and lock away in his trunk the great German books on surgery with which he and Max had been working out a case.

So K. sat by the dining-room table and listened to her talk of Max that last evening together.

'I told Mrs. Rosenfeld to-day not to be too much discouraged about Johnny. I had seen Dr. Max do such wonderful things. Now that you are such friends'—she eyed him wistfully—'perhaps some day you will come to one of his operations. Even if you didn't understand exactly, I know it would thrill you. And—I'd like you to see me in my uniform, K. You never have.'

She grew a little sad as the evening went on. She was going to miss K. very much. While she was ill she had watched the clock for the time to listen for him. She knew the way he slammed the front door. Palmer never slammed the door. She knew too that, just after a bang that threatened the very glass in the transom, K. would come to the foot of the stairs and call:

'Ahoy there!'

'Aye, aye,' she would answer—which was, he assured her, the proper response.

Whether he came up the stairs at once or took his way back to Katie had depended on whether his tribute for the day was fruit or sweetbreads.

Now that was all over. They were such good friends. He would miss her, too; but he would have Harriet and Christine and—Max. Back in a circle to Max, of course.

She insisted, that last evening, on sitting up with him until midnight ushered in Christmas Day. Christine and Palmer were out; Harriet, having presented Sidney with a blouse that had been left over in the shop from the autumn's business, had yawned herself to bed.

When the bells announced midnight, Sidney roused with a start. She realised that for some time neither of them had spoken, and that K.'s eyes were fixed on her. The little clock on the shelf took up the burden of the churches, and struck the hour in quick staccato notes.

Sidney rose and went over to K., her black dress in soft folds about her.

'He is born, K.'

'He is born, dear.'

She stooped and kissed his cheek lightly.

Christmas Day dawned thick and white. Sidney left the little house at six, with the street light still burning though a mist of falling snow.

The hospital wards and corridors were still lighted when she went on duty at seven o'clock. She had been assigned to the men's surgical ward, and went there at once. She had not seen Carlotta Harrison since her mother's death, but she found her on duty in the surgical ward. For the second time in four months, the two girls were working side by side.

Sidney's recollection of her previous service under Carlotta made her nervous. But the older girl greeted her pleasantly.

'We were all sorry to hear of your trouble,' she said. 'I hope we shall get on nicely.'

Sidney surveyed the ward, full to overflowing. At the far end two cots had been placed.

'The ward is heavy, isn't it?'

'Very. I've been almost mad at dressing hour. There are three of us—you, myself, and a probationer.'

The first light of the Christmas morning was coming through the windows. Carlotta put out the lights and turned in a business-like way to her records.

'The probationer's name is Wardwell,' she said. 'Perhaps you'd better help her with the breakfasts. If there's any way to make a mistake, she makes it.'

It was after eight when Sidney found Johnny Rosenfeld.

'You here in the ward, Johnny!' she said.

Suffering had refined the boy's features. His dark, heavily fringed eyes looked at her from a pale face. But he smiled up at her cheerfully.

'I was in a private room; but it cost thirty plunks a week, so I moved. Why pay rent?'

Sidney had not seen him since his accident. She had wished to go, but K. had urged against it. She was not strong, and she had already suffered much. And now the work of the ward pressed hard. She had only a moment. She stood beside him and stroked his hand.

'I'm sorry, Johnny.'

He pretended to think that her sympathy was for his fall from the estate of a private patient to the free ward.

'Oh, I'm all right, Miss Sidney,' he said. 'Mr. Howe is paying six dollars a week for me. The difference between me and the other fellows around here is that I get a napkin on my tray and they don't.'

Before his determined cheerfulness Sidney choked.

'Six dollars a week for a napkin is going some. I wish you'd tell Mr. Howe to give me the six dollars. She'll be needing it. I'm no bloated aristocrat; I don't have to have a napkin.'

'Have they told you what the trouble is?'

'Back's broke. But don't let that worry you. Dr. Max Wilson is going to operate on me. I'll be doing the tango yet.'

Sidney's eyes shone. Of course, Max could do it. What a thing it was to be able to take this life-in-death of Johnny Rosenfeld's and make it life again!

All sorts of men made up Sidney's world: the derelicts who wandered through the ward in flapping slippers, listlessly carrying trays; the unshaven men in the beds, looking forward to another day of boredom, if not of pain; Palmer Howe with his broken arm; K., tender and strong, but filling no especial place in the world. Towering over them all was the younger Wilson. He meant for her, that Christmas morning, all that the other men were not—to their weakness strength, courage, daring, power.

Johnny Rosenfeld lay back on the pillows and watched her face.

'When I was a kid,' he said, 'and ran along the Street, calling Dr. Max a dude, I never thought I'd lie here watching that door to see him come in. You have had trouble, too. Ain't it the hell of a world, anyhow? It ain't much of a Christmas to you, either.'

Sidney gave him his morning beef-tea, and, because her eyes filled up with tears now and then at his helplessness, she was not so skilful as she might have been. When one spoonful had gone down his neck, he smiled up at her whimsically.

'Run for your life. The dam's burst!' he said.

As much as was possible, the hospital rested on that Christmas Day. The house surgeons went about in fresh white ducks with sprays of mistletoe in their buttonholes, doing few dressings. Over the upper floors, where the kitchens were located, spread towards noon the insidious odour of roasting turkeys. Every ward had its vase of holly. In the afternoon, services were held in the chapel downstairs.

Wheel-chairs made their slow progress along corridors and down elevators. Convalescents who were able to walk flapped along in carpet slippers.

Gradually the chapel filled up. Outside the wide doors of the corridor the wheel-chairs were arranged in a semicircle. Behind them, dressed for the occasion, were the elevator-men, the orderlies, Big John, who drove the ambulance.

On one side of the aisle, near the front, sat the nurses in rows, in crisp caps and fresh uniforms. On the other side had been reserved a place for the staff. The house surgeons stood back against the wall, ready to run out between rejoicings, as it were—for a cigarette or an ambulance call, as the case might be.

Over everything brooded the after-dinner peace of Christmas afternoon.

The nurses sang, and Sidney sang with them, her fresh young voice rising above the rest. Yellow winter sunlight came through the stained-glass windows and shone on her lovely flushed face, her smooth kerchief, her cap, always just a little awry. Doctor Max, lounging against the wall across the chapel, found his eyes straying toward her constantly. How she stood out from the others! What a zest of living and for happiness she had!

The Episcopal clergyman read the Epistle:

'Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even our God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.'

That was Sidney. She was good, and she had been anointed with the oil of gladness. And he——

His brother was singing. His deep bass voice, not always true, boomed out above the sound of the small organ. Ed had been a good brother to him; he had been a good son. Max's vagrant mind wandered away from the service to the picture of his mother over his brother's littered desk, to the Street, to K., to the girl who had refused to marry him because she did not trust him, to

Carlotta last of all. He turned a little and ran his eyes along the lines of nurses.

Ah, there she was. As if conscious of his scrutiny, she lifted her head and glanced towards him. Swift colour flooded her face.

'O Holy Child of Bethlehem,' the nurses sang.

'Descend on us, we pray;

Cast out our sins and enter in.

Be born in us to-day.'

The wheel-chairs and convalescents quavered the familiar words. Dr. Ed's heavy throat shook with earnestness.

The Head, sitting a little apart with her hands folded in her lap and weary with the suffering of the world, closed her eyes and listened.

The Christmas morning had brought Sidney half-a-dozen gifts. K. sent her a silver thermometer case with her monogram, Christine a toilet mirror. But the gift of gifts, over which Sidney's eyes had glowed, was a great box of roses marked 'From a neighbour' in Dr. Max's copper-plate writing.

Tucked in the soft folds of her kerchief was one of the roses that afternoon.

Services over, the nurses filed out. Max was waiting for Sidney in the corridor.

'Merry Christmas!' he said, and held out his hand.

'Merry Christmas!' she said. 'You see!'—she glanced down to the rose she wore. 'The others make the most splendid bit of colour in the ward.'

'But they were for you!'

'They are not any the less mine because I am letting other people have a chance to enjoy them.'

Under all his gaiety he was curiously diffident with her. All the pretty speeches he would have made to Carlotta under the circumstances died before her frank glance.

There were many things he wanted to say to her. He wanted to tell her that he was sorry her mother had died; that the Street was empty without her; that he looked forward to these daily meetings with her as a holy man to his hour before his saint. What he really said was to inquire politely whether she had had her Christmas dinner.

Sidney eyed him, half amused, half hurt.

'What have I done, Max? Is it bad for discipline for us to be good friends?'

'Damn discipline!' said the pride of the staff.

Carlotta was watching them from the chapel. Something in her eyes roused the devil of mischief that always slumbered in him.

'My car's been stalled in a snow-drift down town since early this morning, and I have Ed's Peggy in a sleigh. Put on your things and come for a ride.'

He hoped Carlotta could hear what he said; to be certain of it, he maliciously raised his voice a trifle.

'Just a little run,' he urged. 'Put on your warmest things.'

Sidney protested. She was to be free that afternoon until six o'clock; but she had promised to go home.

'K. is alone.'

'K. can sit with Christine. Ten to one, he's with her now.'

The temptation was very strong. She had been working hard all day. The heavy odour of the hospital, mingled with the scent of pine and evergreen in the chapel, made her dizzy. The fresh outdoors called her. And, besides, if K. was with Christine—

'It's forbidden, isn't it?'

'I believe it is.' He smiled at her.

'And yet you continue to tempt me and expect me to yield!'

'One of the most delightful things about temptation is yielding now and then.'

After all, the situation seemed absurd. Here was her old friend and neighbour asking to take her out for a daylight ride. The swift rebellion of youth against authority surged up in Sidney.

'Very well; I'll go.'

Carlotta had gone by that time—gone with hate in her heart and black despair. She knew very well what the issue would be. Sidney would drive with him, and he would tell her how lovely she looked with the air on her face and the snow about her. The jerky motion of the little sleigh would throw them close together. How well she knew it all! He would touch Sidney's hand daringly and smile in her eyes. That was his method: to play at love-making like an audacious boy, until quite suddenly the cloak dropped and the danger was there.

The Christmas excitement had not died out in the ward when Carlotta went back to it. On each bedside table was an orange, and beside it a pair of woollen gloves and a folded white handkerchief. There were sprays of holly scattered about, too, and the after-dinner content of roast turkey and ice-cream.

The lame girl who played the violin limped down the corridor into the ward. She was greeted with silence, that truest tribute, and with the instant composing of the restless ward to peace.

She was pretty in a young, pathetic way, and because to her Christmas was a festival, and meant hope and the promise of the young Lord, she played cheerful things. The ward sat up, remembered that it was not the Sabbath, smiled across from bed to bed. The probationer, whose name was Wardwell, was a tall, lean girl, with a long, pointed nose. She kept up a running accompaniment of small talk to the music.

'Last Christmas,' she said plaintively, 'we went out into the country in a hay-wagon and had a real time. I don't know what I am here for, anyhow. I am a fool.'

'Undoubtedly,' said Carlotta.

'Turkey and goose, mince pie and pumpkin pie, four kinds of cake, that's the sort of spread we have up in our part of the world. When I think of what I sat down to to-day——!'

She had a profound respect for Carlotta, and her motto in the hospital differed from Sidney's in that it was to placate her superiors, while Sidney's had been to care for her patients.

Seeing Carlotta bored, she ventured a little gossip. She had glued the label of a medicine-bottle idly on the back of her hand, and was scratching a skull and crossbones on it.

'I wonder if you have noticed something,' she said, eyes on the label.

'I have noticed that the three-o'clock medicines are not given,' said Carlotta sharply; and Miss Wardwell, still labelled and adorned, made the rounds of the ward. When she came back she was sulky.

'I'm no gossip,' she said, putting the tray on the table. 'If you won't see, you won't. That Rosenfeld boy is crying.'

As it was not required that tears be recorded on the record, Carlotta paid no attention to this.

'What won't I see?'

It required a little urging now. Miss Wardwell swelled with importance and let her superior ask her twice. Then:

'Dr. Wilson's crazy about Miss Page.'

A hand seemed to catch Carlotta's heart and hold it.

'They're old friends.'

'Piffle! Being an old friend doesn't make you look at a girl as if you wanted to take a bite out of her. Mark my word, Miss Harrison, she'll never finish her training. She'll marry him. I

wish,' concluded the probationer plaintively, 'that some good-looking fellow like that would take a fancy to me; I'd do him credit. I am as ugly as a mud fence, but I've got style.'

She was right, probably. She was long and sinuous, but she wore her lanky, ill-fitting clothes with a certain distinction. Harriet Kennedy would have dressed her in jade green to match her eyes, and with long jade ear-rings, and made her a fashion. Carlotta's lips were dry. The violinist had seen the tears on Johnny Rosenfeld's white cheeks, and had rushed into rollicking, joyous music. The ward echoed with it. 'I'm twenty-one and she's eighteen,' hummed the ward under its breath. Miss Wardwell's thin body swayed.

'Lord, how I'd like to dance! If I ever get out of this charnel-house!'

The medicine-tray lay at Carlotta's elbow; beside it the box of labels. This crude girl was right—right. Carlotta knew it down to the depths of her tortured brain. As inevitably as the night followed the day, she was losing her game. She had lost already, unless—

If she could get Sidney out of the hospital, it would simplify things. She surmised shrewdly that on the Street their interests were wide apart. It was here that they met on common ground.

The lame violin-player limped out of the ward; the shadows of the early winter twilight settled down. At five o'clock Carlotta sent Miss Wardwell to first supper, to the surprise of that seldom surprised person. The ward lay still or shuffled about quietly. Christmas was over and there were no evening papers to look forward to.

Carlotta gave the five o'clock medicines. Then she sat down at the table near the door, with the tray in front of her. There are certain thoughts that are at first functions of the brain; after a long time the spinal cord takes them up and converts them into acts almost automatically. Perhaps because for the last month she had done the thing so often in her mind, its actual performance was almost without conscious thought. Carlotta took a bottle from her medicine cupboard and, writing a new label for it, pasted it over the old one. Then she exchanged it for one of the same size that sat on the medicine-tray.

In the dining-room, at the probationers' table, Miss Wardwell was talking.

'Believe me,' she said, 'me for the country and the simple

life after this. They think I'm only a probationer and don't see anything, but I've got eyes in my head. Harrison is stark crazy over Dr. Wilson, and she thinks I don't see it. But never mind; I paid her up to-day for a few of the jolts she has given me.'

Throughout the dining-room busy and competent young women came and ate, hastily or leisurely as their opportunity was, and went on their way again. In their hands they held the keys, not always of life and death perhaps, but of ease from pain, of tenderness, of smooth pillows, and cups of water to thirsty lips. In their eyes, as in Sidney's, burned the light of service.

But here and there one found women like Carlotta and Miss Wardwell, who had mistaken their vocation, who railed against the monotony of the life, its limitations, its endless sacrifices. They showed it in their eyes.

Fifty or so against two—fifty who looked out on the world with the fearless glance of those who have seen life to its depths, and, with the broad understanding of actual contact, still found it good. Fifty who were learning or had learned not to draw aside their clean starched skirts from the drab of the streets. And the fifty, who found the very scum of the gutters not too filthy for tenderness and care, let Carlotta and, in lesser measure, the new probationer alone. They could not have voiced their reasons.

The supper-room was filled with their soft voices, the rustle of their skirts, the gleam of their white stiff caps.

When Carlotta came in, she greeted none of them. They did not like her, and she knew it.

Before her, instead of the tidy supper-table, she was seeing the medicine-tray as she had left it.

'I guess I've fixed her,' she said to herself. Her very soul was sick with fear of what she had done.

(To be continued.)



BRONZE MASK, SHOWING THE EXPRESSION OF THE FACE IN VIOLENT EFFORT
AND FATIGUE, BY PROFESSOR R. TAIT MACKENZIE.

